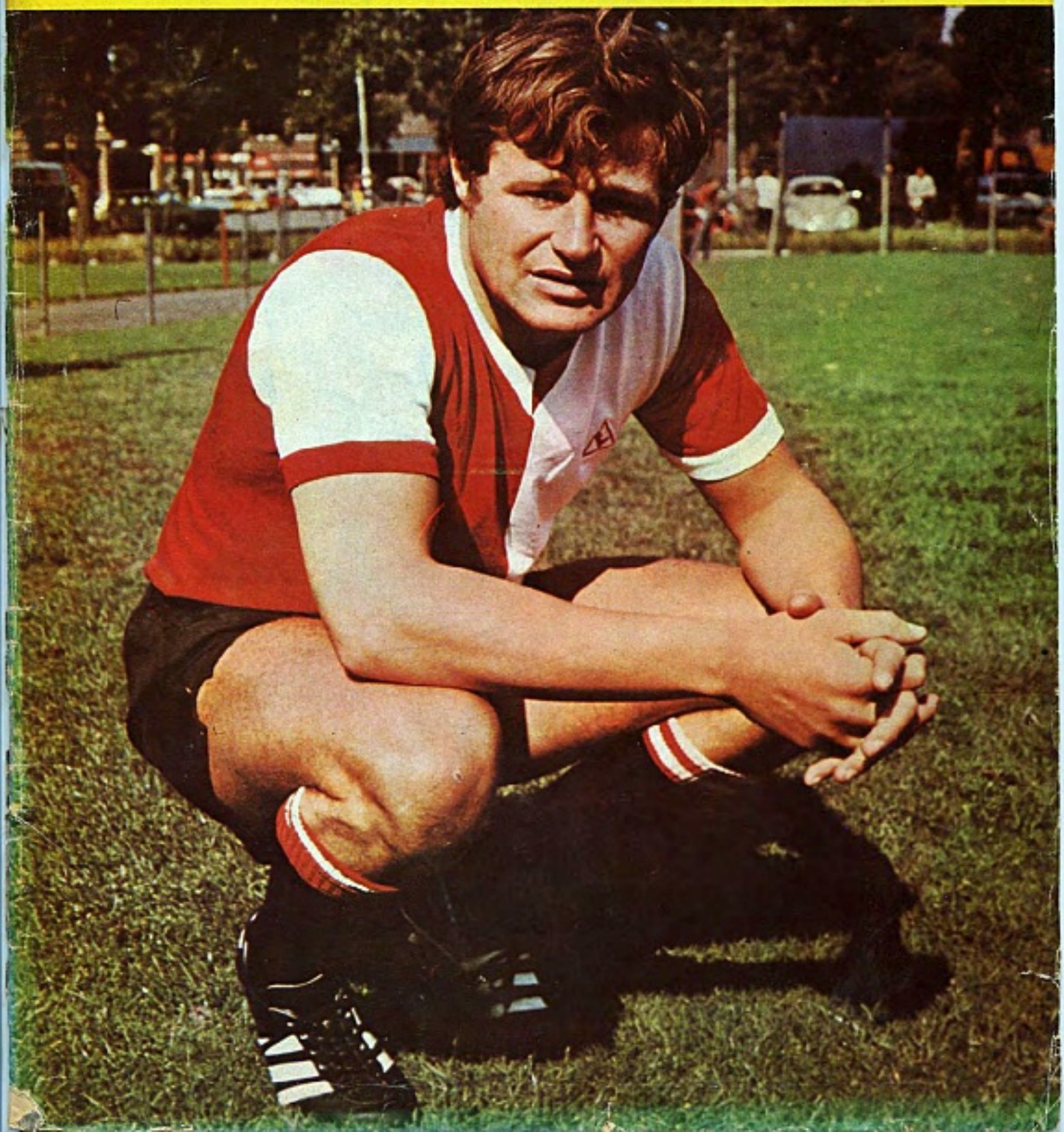
WORLD SOCCER

20p

The *INTERNATIONAL* Magazine

APRIL 1972



JOHN McGOVERN Derby County (left) and ALAN BALL Arsenal

WORLD SOCCER
incorporating SOCCER STAR
The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

79 TEMPLE CHAMBERS - LONDON EC4
Telephone: 01-353 5688

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APRIL WORLD SOCCER 1972
VOL 12 No 7

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WORLD SOCCER (incorporating SOCCER STAR) is published monthly by Websters Publications Ltd., 79 Temple Chambers, London, E.C.4, England. Situated at this address are the magazine's Editorial, Advertising and Publishing offices. Printed by The Chesham Press Ltd., Chesham, Buckinghamshire. © Websters Publications Ltd.

England's crucial match

ENGLAND'S crucial European Championship matches against West Germany have certainly captured the imagination of the general public. Interest in the two ties has reached tremendous proportions and next month's edition of WORLD SOCCER will be a special European Championship issue.

In addition to pictures and features on the England–West Germany encounter at Wembley, we will be giving extensive coverage to the matches between Hungary and Rumania, Italy and Belgium and Russia and Yugoslavia.

It will be interesting to see how England—and Sir Alf Ramsey—tackles the two matches with Germany. Goal aggregate is the decisive factor and it is somewhat surprising that a good many of the probable starters in the England team are not particularly experienced in European football.

Gordon Banks, Bobby Moore, Roy Macrarland, Geoff Hurst and, to a lesser degree, Alan Ball have played in relatively few European matches. Moore and Hurst were in the West Ham side that won the Cup Winners Cup in 1965 but since 1966 their club has not qualified for one of the major competitions.

Players from Leeds United—Paul Madeley and Terry Cooper—Manchester City—Colin Bell and Francis Lee — and Tottenham Hotspur — Martin Peters and Martin Chivers—have all played in a good many European encounters and are well versed in the specialised arts of home and away matches.

West Germany, by comparison, are more experienced but at present are having a run of bad luck with injuries. It will be a great shame if the match is not televised live and I, for one, cannot accept that there is any really valid reason why the game should not be shown to the millions who wish to see it.

It is on occasions such as this that Wembley seems a very small place. England's need is for a stadium with a bigger capacity and perhaps, in the not too distant future, this country will be able to boast of a super stadium, with a 200,000 capacity, and easy access. Perhaps!

SCHÖN AIMS FOR A DRAW

by

Karl - Heinz Jens of Kicker

BARRING any injuries in the near future, and apart from Mönchen Gladbachs "Footballer of the Year" Berti Vogts—who is recovering from a cartilage operation—Germany will tackle both European Championship games against England in their strongest formation.

Federal manager Helmut Schön had good reason to smile at the conclusion of the short instruction course at Hofheim, from February 27-29, and was able to give his players some useful tips for additional training stints at home. This was the first meeting of the national squad, since the last international against Poland (0:0) of November 17, in Hamburg.

Programme

The get-together, the intimate discussions and Schön's contact with the players, were the most important aspects of the programme. Only next in line were the talks about tactical and technical details, but there was some training as well and even a match between the A and B-teams, which the A-eleven won by 5—2, though the result was of little significance. But this "disguised" A-team included all those players who are rated first choice for the matches with Hungary and England.

The team was: Maier—Breitner, Beckenbauer, Weber, Höttges—Flohe, Netzer, Overath—Grabowski, Müller, Heynckes.

Midfield

This actually is Helmut Schön's dream team, which could only be completed by the inclusion of Gladbach's midfield player Wimmer, instead of Flohe, because Wimmer is a fighter, whilst Flohe is technically superior. Only Gladbach's defender Vogts is missing in this line-up, but he should be adequately (it is hoped) replaced by Munich's Breitner, but only if he strikes top form.

In Germany, comparisons are frequently made between the *Bundesliga* and the English First Division on the one hand and the other National Leagues in other lands. International observers express opinions which are not only flattering to German soccer but which also acknowledge its strength. The German *Bundesliga* is, after England's First Division, the strongest in Europe.

From this angle, one must rejoice over the renewed meeting with England, especially as German footballers still regard the English as their model, though no longer in all aspects, but still admire their fighting qualities and willingness, as well as their tackling and their unrivalled heading ability. English soccer still has many friends in Germany and this will certainly remain so in the future.

Problems

From Sunday, April 23, the German manager will have his squad for a week in order to prepare at least during those few days in all tranquillity for that tough game against England. Alf Ramsey and Schön have the same problems: A lack of dates for the necessary courses, stretching over longer periods since the clubs are not disposed toward lending their players during the busy championship and Cup series. This is in a way understandable, but on the other hand there is immediate criticism whenever there is failure at international level.

From the German side which defeated England in 1970 in Leon by 3—2, there will probably still remain these seven men: Maier, Höttges, Beckenbauer, Fichtel, Overath, Grabowski and Müller. They will practically still form the basis for the World Cup 1974 in their own country.

The biggest deficiency in training, following his injury, has suffered Frankfurt's outside right Jürgen Grabowski, who was recently involved in a car accident in which his vehicle was a total write off, but in which he escaped with only a few scratches, as if by miracle.

Triumph

Reserve 'keeper Nigbur and *libero* Klaus Fichtel are, by the way, owners of race horses and themselves keen "trotters". They control the "Sulky" just like a football. Franz Beckenbauer is complaining of recurring back injury, whilst his team mate Gerd Müller (The German Bomber) has already left his rivals in the scorers list of the *Bundesliga* way behind.

The schemer of the champions Mönchengladbach, Günter Netzer, is in the form of his life, whilst at the "Bökelberg" they are still livid over annulment of their 7—1 triumph in the European Cup against Inter Milan. The biggest triumph in Mönchengladbachs history has, practically by a stroke of the pen, been erased from the record books.

Both outside forwards Grabowski, who impresses with his dribbling and fine technique, and Jupp Heynckes, thanks to his unstoppable, storming goal rushes, will create a danger even to the most experienced English players and one which must not be underrated.

If Netzer plays, then his logical partner will be club colleague Wimmer, should Overath play then his team mate Flohe would be included.

Over the tandem Netzer-Overath, each individually unquestionably world class, opinions are divided because they allegedly do not fit together. But Federal manager Schön doesn't like to hear this and for him this problem supposedly does not exist.

Gunter Netzer, pictured in training.

Thus, the strength of the German team lies undoubtedly in the so-called "Block-formations", as the International in Warsaw against Poland (3—1) so clearly confirmed. A combination Bayern Munich—Borussia Mönchengladbach which will form the backbone of the German side against Hungary and England, has attained near perfection and has led to successes of German football in recent years.

But Federal manager Schön and the players are under no illusions. They know how tough these games will be against England, who until recently were something of Germany's bogy team and against whom only in 1968 —that means after 60 years!—the first German victory was achieved.

The style and methods of German soccer are virtually identical with England's. Because of this, a result against such a similar opposition is usually uncertain. As much as the Germans admire and respect English footbal, they are not afraid of it. Despite England being the favourites, Helmut Schön remains calm: "We can't pick our opponents, but must take them as they come."

The narrow 0—1 of February 1966 in London, the 2—4 reverse in the same year in the World Cup Final, plus the last two victories over England allow us to hope for a good result. "A draw in London or a narrow defeat, we could perhaps overcome in the return in Berlin", says Federal manager Schön confidently.

Gerd Muller with Helmet Schön.

Dynamo hit goal trail

THE five week hibernation of the East German League Championship has had a stimulating effect on the goal-scoring potential of the leading clubs in the German Democratic Republic. League leaders IFC Magdebourg and Dynamo Berlin have scored nine in two games whilst the current champions and cup holders Dynamo Dresden have hit 11 in their brace of matches.

Magdebourg's opening performance in which they swamped Carl Zeiss Jena by five clear goals was probably the most impressive of the results. Appropriately enough before a season's biggest crowd for the League of 45,000 who turned up to see it. For Jena it was a bitter blow to their own hopes of the title and represented their worst defeat in fourteen seasons in the First Division.

A 25,000 crowd watched Dynamo Dresden beat Chemie Halle 6—1 on the same day, with Hans-Jurgen Kreische helping himself to a hat-trick which put him top of the First Division scorers with 10 goals. The other Dresden scorers were Reinhard Hafner, Gert Heidler and Rainer Sachse.

Four clubs

East Germany's sole survivors in European competition, Dynamo Berlin, who are in the Cup Winners Cup had a 1—0 away victory over Vorwaerts Frankfurt thanks to a Norbert Johannsen goal, to press their claims, too.

The scoring spate continued the following week when Magdebourg won 4—2 away to Wismut Aue; Dresden trimmed cellar-dwellers Karl Marx Stadt 5—1 on their own ground and Dynamo Berlin won an incredible match away to Chemie Halle 8—3!

This still leaves Magdebourg ahead by one point but both Dresden and Dynamo Berlin are breathing down their necks and if Jena can recover from that humiliating defeat, they will also be in at the death. Moreover all four clubs are in the last eight of the cup competition.

But undoubtedly it is the Magdebourg side which is causing most interest at present. A young dashing team with plenty of guts they are masterminded up front by Jurgen Sparwasser, a 23 year old East German international who has 10 full caps for his country.

East German football is certainly on the upgrade at the moment. The number of registered footballers has gone up this year by 13,000 to 413,737 and 23,000 teams are participating in the various championships—including 266 ladies teams!

Hans-Jurgen Kreische.

AUSTRIA PLAN SERIOUSLY

THE Austrians are taking their forthcoming World Cup qualifying matches with Hungary, Sweden and Malta very seriously. In February they hived off to Coverciano in Italy to prepare themselves for the stiff programme ahead.

Under the watchful eye of their team manager Leopold Stastny, the cream of Austria's footballers got down to some serious work. Matches in Italy, Tunisia and Greece rounded off the training sessions and it is hoped that subsequent results will prove the wisdom of this extensive preparation.

Austria's last achievement of any note in the World Cup was back in 1954 when they finished in third place during the series held in Switzerland. Now they reckon that with the final stages being held in nearby West Germany in 1974 they will have an equally fine opportunity of reaching the last sixteen.

The Hungarians will present the toughest hurdle and the two countries are old rivals in the international field. At present the Hungarians are top of the group in question having won the first qualifying game in the entire 1974 series 2—0 away to Malta.

Meanwhile the Austrian season has resumed after its midwinter break with the leaders Swarowski Innsbruck —known to their friends unofficially, of course, as FC Tirol—tanning bottom club Bischofshofen 5—0 on their own terrain.

But it is by no means a one bobsleigh race in Austria this season with only four points separating the top six clubs. And with 13 matches to go it is still wide open.

Finally news of the wandering boy of Austrian football Ernst Kaltenbrunner currently with OGC Nice in France but likely to return to familiar shores ere long. The former Austrian international forward has been with Wiener SK, Rapid Vienna, Schwarz-Weiss Bregenz, Admira Energie (twice) and Wiener AC previously!

Brazilian Notebook by HANS HENNINGSEN

KIDS USE SKULL AS A BALL!

IMPROVISED footballs are commonplace throughout the world. Kids who play their early soccer on the backstreets of their town often don't know what a real, leather, football is and make do with whatever they can find. But police in Porto Alegre were horrified recently when they discovered some lads playing with a human skull!

The skull, apparently, was found on some waste land. And, before long, it became the centre piece of a furiously fought match, which only came to a halt when the police arrived on the scene.

I have often seen boys playing with oranges or other fruits but a human skull was something new. Such cases, however, illustrate the sort of passion Brazilian youngsters have for the game.

CBD President, Joao Havelange, has admitted that some European countries were justified in turning down invitations to participate in the Independence Cup. The loss of England, West Germany, Italy and Spain was a blow but the Cup still promises to provide a useful pointer to current international form.

The Brazilians are spending some five million dollars on the tournament and the CBD have taken out an insurance policy to cover any financial loss.

The 1972 Rio de Janeiro championship began on a somewhat cautious note. The two favourites, Flamengo and Botafogo, picked up early points. Flamengo, managed by Zagalo, were surprisingly held to a 1—1 draw against Olaria. They then defeated America (1—0) and Saom Cristovao (6—1) with a front four of Rogerio, Caio, Doval and Paulo Cesar.

Botafogo demolished Campo Grande (4—0) and Vasco de Gama (3—0) with Jairzinho and Roberto in great form. Pele recently said in England that he considered Rivelino and Paulo Cesar to be his successors. He has said the same of Tostao. But, at present, Jairzinho is the best. The Press and fans call him 'The Emperor').

Garrincha, once the most famous name in Brazilian football, is playing again. This famous player, twice a winning World Cup finalist, has had a chequered career. He was a great success with Botafogo . . . a flop with Flamengo, Corinthians, Bangu and Portuguesa.

Many times he has tried to come back. But this time he has made it—to a certain extent, at least, Despite warnings by the club doctor that he wasn't in the right sort of physical condition, Garrincha appeared in the colours of Olaria.

Garrincha appeared at the Maracana stadium, against Flamengo. The crowd watched eagerly, waiting for his amusing dribbling skill to emerge. Paulo Henrique, designated to mark Garrincha, obliging stood off his opponent.

Flamengo consequently drew a match they should have won. But, try though he did, Garrincha failed to produce any of his old genius. The fire has gone out. He plays on because football is the only thing he knows. Football is his only means of earning an income. But his ambition to play on and on, like Stanley Matthews, will never be achieved.

Garrincha should hang up his boots once and for all. Nilton Santos, his old colleague in the national side, thinks so, too. "I don't want to see him playing now because I want to maintain the picture of the man who played with me for 10 years and was the best player I saw in the world."

Palmeiras won the summer tournament of Mar del Plata and Montevideo, defeating Penarol, Boca Juniors and San Lorenzo. Ademir da Guia was nominated 'best player' and once again Brazilian football came out top in South America. Back from Argentina, Palmeiras won the Laudo Natel trophy—played on the same basis as the FA Cup in England. Two great successes for a team managed by Osvaldo Brandao.

Sao Paulo got off to a good start in the Libertadores Cup, even without Gerson who is injured. Gerson shouldn't really play in the forthcoming Independence Cup tournament but probably will. Sao Paulo had little difficuty in beating the two Paraguayan teams, Cerro Porteno and Olimpia.

They did extremely well, however, by drawing with Brazilian champions Atletico Mineiro in Belo Horizonte. Technically Sao Paulo are the best team in their group, with Pedro Rocha in fine form.

Their build-up is slow and precise but they counter-attack splendidly. Mineiro are more 'European', more profesional but without the same sort of individual skill that is a feature of Sao Paulo.

But the group is by no means decided. Mineiro could win in Sao Paulo, and should beat the Paraguayans, so they could still come out on top.

Some people must be curious to learn how much South American stars earn. According to confidential figures, revealed especially to World Soccer, here is the list:

Pele—US dollars 160,000 a year; Jairzinho 80,000; Cubillas 75,000; Rivelino 70,000; Gerson 70,000; Paulo Cesar 70,000; Tostao 60,000; Afonsinho 50,000; Dirceu Lopes 40,000 and Cejas 40,000. These figures indicate the value of a yearly contract but do not include bonuses.

Felix of Brazil.

PHILIP EVANS reports

ITALIANS MUST SORT OUT ATTACK

A SCORELINE of Greece 2, Italy 1 should be regarded as a disgrace. On known form, given the unimpressive displays of the Greek national team in recent internationals, any representative Italian side should have been confident of travelling to Athens and coming away with what is euphemistically known as "a good result." In most countries the phrase is used as euphemism for a win, in Italy not. A draw is a draw it seems, there a good result.

Of course, the excuses went up. Many of the players selected by Valcareggi were due to play in important midweek games for their clubs involved in European club competition. So why then, did he select them in the first place instead of using the excursion as a ring within which to break some new colts?

Players such as Bet, Santarini, Marchetti, Spinosi, Causio, Sala and Anastasi can already be seen as a nucleus of national teams to come. Sala played, was disenchanted by what he found around him and his experience can be taken as symptomatic.

Individual

If it is true that Facchetti, Mazzola and others have been experiencing poor form, then the attitudes of these and others still left much to be desired. Matches, even on a phony level, are worth playing for as well as any individual player knows how.

Two quick points, and then the thing can be consigned to oblivion. First and important, the Italians have yet to sort out their attack, given that Riva was the spearhead of old and Boninsegna his replacement. It needs much more positive running from both towards the wings, less congestion in the centre.

Schemer

And second, the experiment that failed. Talking to De Sisti recently I suggested that given Benetti's rapidly-improving form, the rightful place for him in the Italian team might be in the role of *mediano*, lying deep in front of the back four. He felt that he had a couple of years yet as a genuine schemer and I was being over-sanguine.

The experiment would work well, but only given a much more positive approach in terms of both the Italian national team, and the club attitudes that go to proscribe it.

If it is true that the performances of Inter, Juventus and Torino underlined the malaise of Italian club football when faced with keen external competition, the fact remains that within its limits, the struggle for primacy in the league remains perenially fascinating in terms of hard fact and statistic. As I write Juventus continue to lead by three points from a clutch of competitors—in order Cagliari, Fiorentina, Milan, Torino, Inter and Roma, the seven separated by merely six points.

Juventus have relied on collective bargaining to solve the problem of Bettega's absence in the attack, with three of their last six goals having been scored by defenders. Salvadore's goal gained the leaders a point against Milan, and that certainly came from an unexpected source. But Juventus have some tough games on the calendar and it will not be an easy thing.

Cagliari lost at home to Torino, beat Milan on the same ground. They still have problems, the defence (especially Niccolai) prone to terrible blunders, the attack always striving to find a smooth rhythm. They have yet to travel to Florence and Torino where they play Juventus in a game that could decide the championship in their respect.

Milan were denied a penalty in the game against Juventus, gave one (non-existent) away against Cagliari, feel wounded and slighted and disgusted. Prati has only just resumed after a long absence and much will depend on his rediscovering a penchant for scoring. Rivera is playing better than ever.

Abundance

Fiorentina stumble happily along, sneaking by, never exerting themselves more than necessary and never suggesting that they will win the title. Mathematically they are in a strong position, and given an abundance of injuries to crucial players (Chiarugi, De Sisti, Merlo, Esposito, Ferrante at various times) their success has been testament to the cool preparation of Nils Liedholm.

Torino have excited people with their forthrightness, a team full of ball-players and intelligent positional play, but they desperately lack a crack marksman even if their young forwards have all produced goals at important times and the veteran Bui can play well when the ball is airborne. They cleverly dissected Inter on their visit to Turin, rubbing salt into sour wounds caused by dissension off, and incoherence on, the field of play. But then Inter have never asked for or earned the pity of others and will get none here.

Simply put, the struggle remains fascinating because so many of the leading clubs seem vulnerable in one respect or another. Good coaches such as Giagnoni at Torino and Liedholm at Fiorentina have got the best out of players who are far from being dominant personalities.

Perennial

They have planned meticulously, harried effectively, successfully overcome lack of loot at the bank and the transfer market. A player such as the young Fiorentina back, Galdiolo, at a more prestigious club might so easily have remained a perennial substitute in deference to indifferent performance from an elder. But he has come on magnificently and is now playing as well as any back in the country. And that is the sort of encouragement that always deserves success.

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Mexico booming

FOOTBALL in Mexico is booming. Attendances this season have reached record-breaking figures and, as a result, the game is financially better off. Capacity crowds are commonplace at the 14 grounds of the first division teams.

A crowd of 33,500 watched Puebla, a lowly-placed team, beat America of Mexico City. Cruz Azul, unbeaten in 12 games, took advantage of this unexpected reverse, beat newcomers San Luis Potosi in front of a 20,000 crowd, and went top of the league. In one week close to 250,000 people watched eight matches.

There are several explanations for this upsurge in interest in professional football. The World Cup undoubtedly generated interest and this has been maintained. Also, the policy of extending football to every corner of Mexico has helped considerably. Cities such as Torreon and San Luis Potosi, never before very interested in soccer, are following their local teams wherever they go.

from Carlos Ramirez

And, the importation of first rate South American players, mainly Argentinians, has given the game a terrific boost. A total of 58 foreign players are currently active with Mexican first division teams. Second and third division teams have all-Mexican teams.

Only Guadalajara and Unversidad of Mexico City have retained the policy of not employing foreigners.

After losing their first two matches of the season, Cruz Azul have fought back splendidly. They beat America 2—1 in the Aztec Stadium (before a 100,000 crowd).

Since the league championship here is played under the two-group system (first two of each group will play a round-robin type of league at the end to decided the champion) interest is maintained at a high level. In Group A, America and Cruz Azul face strong opposition from Leon, San Luis and Jalisco; in Group B, Monterrey seem to be running away with first place but there is a strong compact group of Pachuca, Guadalajara, Universidad, Atlante and perhaps Puebla following not far behind.

Luis Estrada (dark shirt) has staged a comeback. He is a solid Mexican midfield player with no great prospects for 1974. He plays for Leon.

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LUXEMBOURG IMPROVE

WITH a handful of real amateurs at their disposal, the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg is never going to be a soccer power but under the recent management of former Austrian International right winger, Ernst Melchior, they have achieved some significant results.

A 0—1 defeat against Belgium's full side was a moral victory for Luxembourg and more recently they made all the running and should have won what finished in a 2—2 draw against the West German Olympic XI—a team that included ten Bendesliga players.

Successor

Unfortunately, Melchior will not be renewing his contract which expires in June. His future remains in doubt though the probability is that he will take over an Austrian league club, but meanwhile the Luxembourg FA has already named his successor.

The new chief will be Gilbert Legrand and he will take over at the end of April. Thirty six years old, Legrand has been manager-coach of Jeunesse Esch for the past four years.

At the resumption of league football, following a short break, the leaders Rumelange ran into trouble. After winning 2—1 away to Tetange, they held a five point lead over their closest challenger Aris who, the same day hammered Spora 7—1. In the two following matches Rumelange dropped three points while Aris won both their games to close the gap and are now just two points behind with a vastly superior goal average.

Contenders

With only four games left it will be a close finish with both Jeunesse Esch and Red Boys close enough to challenge if the two main contenders should collapse.

At the other end of the table Alliance have been pegged to the bottom throughout. Starting with five consecutive defeats, they were beaten 11 times in their first 15 games and are virtually booked.

When they go down they could be in good company for immediately above them are Progress Niedercorn and Union Luxembourg the latter being the reigning champions.

Union won the title last year with a clear eight point lead over runners up Aris and the departure of centre forward Nicky Braun to West German leaders Schalke cannot fully explain their collapse.

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Benfica are still unbeaten

WITH Benfica still unbeaten after 21 games—they are almost home and dry—the big news in Portugal concerns the national team. Disappointed with his team's showing in the European Championship, selector-manager Gomez da Silva has quit and the FA have appointed former Barreirense and Benfica right winger Jose Augusto. Now 38 years old and a veteran af 45 internationals, the 1966 World Cup and many of Benfica European Cup triumphs, Augusto is currently Benfica's assistant manager, working with Jimmy Hagan. He will continue to double up with club and country, at least for the moment.

FC Porto's Brazilian centre forward Flavio has scored 18 goals in 19 games this season and his overall total is now just a couple of hat-tricks short of the magical 1,000 goal figure the Brazilians claimed as a 'first' for Pele. If doubts exist about Pele being the first, it looks as if he will not be the last and his overall total may not stand for long for Flavio is still only 29 and getting goals regularly.

Overtaken

Sporting, the big Lisbon club, are going through a period of crisis that has spread over 18 months. Under Fernando Vaz they were champions in 1969/70 and last season were, at one time, six points clear of Benfica at the top before they collapsed and were overtaken. Last summer they recruited reinforcements for another bid including two Brazilians and an Argentinian.

Yazalde, the Argentinian centre forward came with a big reputation but has been hampered by injury and played very few games while Rocha (from Brazil) has proved a flop.

Failure

Wagner, another Brazilian born player but recruited from Setubal, has not quite provided the spark that was needed in midfield and the overall result is third place behind Benfica and Setubal, which, to Sporting fans means . . . failure.

Vaz, under pressure for some time has finally resigned but unless Benfica collapse, which seems most unlikely, their cause is lost.

Eighteen wins and unbeaten in 21 games, Benfica are seven points clear of Setubal in second place; 59 goals for and only 9 against and Arthur Jorge, in rare form tops the scorers list with 21 . . . a goal a game, with nine matches to play.

Personal Opinion by LESLIE VERNON

Foreigners would not kill football in England

THIS is 'dog eat dog' month, so I decided to cast a critical eye over the output of my illustrious colleagues in the National Press. Whenever a columnist is short of copy, he contemplates in public the possibility of an all Britain eleven, or more recently the eventual use of foreign players in English football. The latter, pretty aged chestnut received a welcome (?) blood transfusion through Britain's impending entry into the Comon Market.

The fact that Italy—founder members of the E.E.C.—shut their doors nearly six years ago to imported footballers, is conveniently ignored by the commentators, and it was the London Evening Standard (Feb. 26th) who rang the alarm bells once again.

A thoroughly irresponsible article states that the presence of Cruyff, Beckenbauer and Co. would ruin our football, escalate transfer fees, and the glorious game, as we know it, would be smashed into smithereens within a few years. In conclusion, it states: "There is also the sinister implication that struggling clubs might be prepared to bring masters of the Cattenaccio defensive system which keeps scoring in Italy down to the minimum."

Nonsense

The columnist also elicited the help of that well-known Enoch Powell of football, Mr. Alan Hardaker. The League Secretary warned (no less) the unsuspecting nation: "This will do what two world wars failed to do—kill English football". What a load of excruciating nonsense!

English clubs have been raping Scotland and Ireland for decades, buying-off their talented players, more often than not for a pittance. There is no sign of compassion towards these countries, and the presence of these English-speaking foreigners, obviously, hasn't done much damage—on the contrary.

Secondly, it is ridiculous to imagine that, for instance, the Crystal Palace manager would lift up the receiver one day and put this kind of call through to Italy. "Hallo, is that the Inter chairman? Listen, the scoring rate is too high here. Could you send over immediately three centre-backs, two sweepers and include Burgnich and Facchetti in the parcel. Presto!"

Next day, of course, five shady-looking members of the soccer Mafia would arrive, wearing the regulation dark shirts and white ties, carrying bags with the dreaded word 'cattenaccio' written over them. The hitherto magnificent scoring rate would be put down mercilessly, and no longer would we have the pleasure of watching such attacking-minded teams as, for instance, the England national eleven, which at times, adventurously uses as many as two strikers.

In 25 years of globetrotting with football teams, I have never spoken to one foreign footballer who likes to play against British teams, let alone in them. Cruyff (who, according to Hardaker would be a nail in our coffin) has recently signed a seven-years' contract with Ajax, and wouldn't come to England for all the fish-and-chips in Liverpool. The arrogant assumption that Queen Victoria is still alive, and that London rules the football Empire, is not confined to the 'popular' Press.

One of the Sunday 'highbrows' conducted a medical enquiry and came up with the startling revelation that Alan Ball, Alan Mullery and Bob McNab suffered from pelvic strain due to 'overwork'. The paper's leading writer, instantly devised a programme which would eliminate this danger. His drastic remedy would do away with the European Championship, halve the number of matches in the various International Cups, and reduce domestic commitments.

Overcrowded

While I agree with him that our First Division is much too large, and the programme is overcrowded and cumbersome, I find his suggestions concerning European tournaments totally unreasonable. It is beyond my comprehension how any writer can have the audacity to suggest that because three players in his own country suffer from pelvic what'sit, the whole Continent should stop playing international football.

The European tournaments, even the World Cup, were just as interesting and as popular without British participation. If it is too hot in the kitchen, etc. etc. Mind you, I wonder what the club managements, players and supporters would think of this ivory tower philosophy, not to mention Sir Alf Ramsey, who considers the European Championship second in importance only to the World Cup. Cut down the tedious domestic merry-go-round by all means, but hands-off Europe.

As a referee of no mean standing (usually in the centre-circle facing the sun) I welcome Stan Lover's campaign concerning the introduction of a set of hand signals. At present, referees are only allowed (officially) to indicate indirect free-kicks and are told never to discuss or explain a decision to a player. This directive always mystified me, because I cannot see anything wrong in indicating a push or handball to a player.

Lover, who has done a great deal for refereeing, not only in this country, but in most parts of the world, has worked out a simple system which could be used internationally. The idea occurred to him when he was watching a football match in China, and noticed that after every decision by the referee a loudspeaker announcement explained to the crowd the reason behind the sound of the whistle.

The appreciative Chinese spectators often applauded the ref. during the game and the atmosphere was friendly and disciplined. Loudspeakers might not be practical, argues Lover, but signals would keep the spectators informed, and the players would know why they, or more to the point, their club-mates, were penalised. This excellent idea now awaits FIFA approval, and I sincerely hope that Stan Lover's suggestions will be accepted—in other sports (ice-hockey, boxing etc.), this is common practice.

England were right to pull out of Brazil

WAS there ever a more irrelevant, unnecessary and ill-timed tournament than Brazil, and Havelange's, bloated Independence Cup? Good for Denis Follows, who refused to commit England's players to these dubious celebrations. Celebrations, in passing, of what? Independent Brazil may be, but, as I have had cause to observe in these pages before, she has degenerated into a cruel form of police state. It could scarcely have been much worse for the dissentient minority under Portuguese rule.

With a World Cup to be confronted every four years, a European Championship as well, plus all the pressures of European club competition, the last any European country really needs is an extra drain and strain on its players . . .

I am all for psychoanalysis in its own place, depressed by the fashionable R. D. Laing heresy that the mad are sane, and vice versa. Nevertheless, I grow a little tired of the waffling of tame psychologists, induced by daily newspapers here and abroad to pronounce, well paid no doubt, on eventualities in the world of football.

Thus when George Best was up to his January capers again this year, a national daily paper produced a psychologist who constructed, on the flimsiest basis, an elaborate theory of the Best Syndrome, his attraction and repulsion for the gay life and so forth, which might have been a little more convincing had he ever had Best on his own analyst's couch. Since he manifestly hadn't, it looked like so much generic waffle, produced for the occasion.

Still more amusing were the lucubrations of an Italian psychologist dug up by the *Corriere Della Sera* after Dino Zoff, the international goalkeeper, had given away six goals playing for Naples at Vicenza. "Every goalkeeper," read the impressive headline, "feels resentment at his companions when over exposed."

Grabowski of West Germany with team manager Helmet Schoen. Like England, the Germans have turned down an invitation to compete in the Independence Cup.

Hostile

I shall not attempt to translate it all; merely a few scattered gems. "The goalkeeper who must continually perform acrobatics to protect his goal and suffer shocks and anxiety throughout the match, can't help but feel a terrible resentment against his colleagues. The goalkeeper has a real feeling of being abandoned . . . it can't be excluded that he looks upon his own players as his opponents, as hostile figures who don't do their utmost to save him from defeat and frustration. . . .

And here we come upon a very strange phenomenon: the goalkeeper becomes 'sublime' (*sic*) because he realises that he has two adversaries against him, the real ones and his inefficient colleagues. He therefore explodes with spectacular and sometimes incredible reactions . . . Perhaps it's the sentiment of pity which explains such heroism in a goalkeeper put to so hard a test."

Perhaps. Who knows?

George Raynor, now turned 65 years old and in retirement near Doncaster, has drawn up a table of achievements by post-war international team managers; and come out top of it himself.

Raynor, who took the Swedish international side to the Olympic title of 1948, third place in the World Cup of 1950 and second place in 1958, was, as

one of his players, Nils Liedholm, recently observed to me in Florence, a perfect manager for a friendly team.

I myself knew him well during that torrid season in Rome, 1954/5, when he became manager of an ailing Lazio side, partly put together by Gigi Peronace, and saved it from relegation, despite some vicious infighting among the Lazio board, and any number of attempted stabs in the back.

Information

Raynor's method of awarding points may seem a little tendentious, but then there were those who said, after Marciano had won that notorious computer "fight" against Clay, that the only chance Clay would have had was if the information had been fed into the computer by *black* operators.

Ranging over the period between 1948, and the Olympics, and the 1970 World Cup, Raynor disputably awards exactly the same number of points for an Olympic as for a World Cup victory. He thus acquires seven of the twelve points which put him top, with a clear three point lead over Yugoslavia's Tirnanic, from Olympic competitions; five for winning the 1948 series, another two for coming second in 1952. It won't, by any stretch of logic, do; less and less as the years have marched on, relegating the Olympics to a decreasingly important position. Such countries as Brazil, for instance, have turned out teams of youngsters, and Great Britain teams of senior amateurs.

Tournament

I yield to none in my admiration of the fine Swedish team which won in London in 1958, a team which had the three Nordahl brothers, Nils Liedholm, Gunnar Gren and Garvis Carlsson, but even they could scarcely have been named world champions on the basis of the field which entered the tournament.

Raynor has submitted his chart to the Guinness Book of Records. My own feeling is that his place in the history of football is perfectly secure, his achievement in rebuilding the depredated Swedish team for the 1950 World Cup in no need of statistical endorsement; especially when the statistics are so highly selective. But I still regret that better use could not have been made of him and his undoubted coaching talents when he came back to England. All those lost years as manager of Skegness were really a commentary on a game which could bewilderingly find no place for him. Yet he had succeeded in Italy as well as in Sweden.

Denis Law, pictured with Steve Perryman of Tottenham Hotspur, could wear the colours of Scotland again when his country visit Brazil for the Independence Cup tournament.

Having reproduced, last month, so excoriating a criticism of Italian football by a Swiss journalist, I think it only fair to report that his subsequent despatch was a good deal less grim. He went to see the goalless draw between Inter and Juventus and was full of praise for both sides, despite the fact that neither scored.

Diligence

Far from it being merely a defensive action by Juventus, he emphasised, they counter-attacked with skill, if rarely, and kept the clever Inter forward-line at bay with great diligence.

It is very sad that a lung complaint should rob Juventus and Italy—for whom he has still to play—of the excellent young Roberto Bettega for the rest of the season, at a time when he had already scored fifteen Championship goals, and a number in the UEFA Cup. Let us hope that next season sees him fit and fully restored to health.

The cult of youth has received a considerable jolt from the success of Louis Maurer, the Swiss team manager, variously described as 64 and 68 years old. (I remember that the 62-year-old Bela Guttmann, in his halcyon days as Benfica manager, would always answer all questions about his age with the response, "I'm 24.")

Dissension

Everyone wanted Maurer, when it became known he was in some dissension with the Swiss F.A., where another veteran, the Austrian Karl Rappan, still calls the tune. He flirted with Servette, but has now decided to return to Lausanne Sports, after an absence of almost thirty years. Somewhat tactlessly, he gave a Press Conference in which he said that the club needs a left-winger, and that Chapuisat, the international stopper, should not be used there; as the present manager, Roger Vonlanthen, was planning to do.

This has scarcely made life easier for Vonlanthen, who must struggle on till the end of the season, willy nilly.

News from France
by ANDRE DUCLOS

Hon says French are too precise by far

ONE French manager who is thoroughly dissatisified with French football is Louis Hon, once an international half-back, then both player and manager in Spain. Now he is in charge of the Avignon team which is trailing Strasbourg, and Ivica Osim, in the National League. Hon is most vexed that the Alsatian club should be in Avignon's sector at all. "They have placed Strasbourg in the Southern group!" he expostulates. "That means they want them to be promoted at all costs!" It is hard to deny that there's a geographical inconsistency here, to say the least.

Hon, strong in his Spanish experience, has long been saying that French football and footballers are obsessed with tactics to the exclusion of physical condition. "The spearhead forward refuses to get really involved," he complains. "All they want to know about is three cornered movements, I give it to you, you give it me back, but this over precise football nearly always breaks down. And it's the same thing in the Second Division!"

Photographs of Paul Courtin, the Nantes forward, in a recent issue of *World Soccer* leads me to record that he has just been voted the "Most Local Footballer" in the League by *France Football*. He has another distinction which he would no doubt have preferred to dispense with: that of suffering what was surely the most bizarre injury: tearing a cartilage when kneeling for a team group! He had barely joined Nantes when he dutifully squatted down in the front row for the team picture: then found it impossible to get up. . . . Since his recovery, however, he has made a sizeable contribution to Nantes' sturdy performances.

Gifted forwards

I have already had cause to write of Antoine Kuzowski, in such excellent recent form for Nancy. It is not impossible that he will even be capped before the end of the season, though France is scarcely short of gifted forwards. If he is, then yet another Polish name will appear in a French side, in the steps of Kopa, Glovacki and Ruminski. A natural left footer, and nominally an outside-left, Kuzowski tends to gravitate towards the middle, for centre-forward seems his preferred position. Not only has he a fine left foot, but he is also very strong in the air. He can change pace or direction with ease, and though he has his inexplicable off days, he seems a talent with a fine future.

French football, indeed, is full of gifted young players, as clubs like Nimes, Nantes and St. Etienne lead the way with their excellent youth policies. It is greatly to the credit of St. Etienne, suddenly deprived at a stroke of such stars as Carnus (voted leading French player at the turn of the year by *France Football*), Bosquier, Hervé Revelli and Camerini that they should firmly have refused to dive into the transfer market. Instead, their canny manager, Albert Batteux, has given youth its fling.

Local products

As he predicted, results have inevitably been uneven, but occasionally they have been good as well; such as that victory over Marseilles, and those nine goals, earlier in the season, at home to Reims. Among the young players who have successfully been given their chance are, of course, Patrick Revelli, the brother of Hervé, Repellini, Merchadier and Sarramagna. Nantes have brought in players like the highly promising Paul Bertrand-Demanès, in goal, and Bernard Gardon, both of whom did well against Spurs in the UEFA Cup. As for Nimes, who never cease to unearth fine new players from their region, they of course have Michel Mézy, while an injury this season to the Algerian born goalkeeper, Landi, allowed them successfully to blood yet another local product in Gérard Martinelli.

Kader Firoud, their excellent manager, recently gave it as his opinion that "to get the maximum out of a team," one must above all "appeal to the confidence, the sense of responsibility and even the human qualities of the players. One must not forget that at this high level of competition, one is dealing with pros who have to earn their living from football. . . . For them, it's a simple question of professional conscience, and as far as the Nimois are concerned, I can say that in all circumstances they feel motivated; that's to say that they'll give of their utmost to make their team prevail." The natural corollary of this is that Firoud accepts, when his players are beaten, that they have given their best: "Above all," he says, "I am interested in the manner of a defeat. A result can please me or displease me, and it sometimes happens that I'm not happy even when we win."

Sporting mentality

Certainly he has been most successful in remotivating Jacky Vergnes, so successful a centre-forward this season, in getting the talented Rumanian right winger Ion Pircalab to play his way, and in integrating both Pircalab and his fellow Rumanian, Voinea, into the side.

Georges Boulogne, the national team manager, has recently and sadly admitted, "For reasons which are perfectly well known, the most serious of which are external and independent of its control, French football doesn't figure among the best in Europe and the world. It's regrettable but it is true! Given our means (mediocre by comparison with those of foreign football) and the French sporting mentality, it would be surprising if French football counted among the great powers." He points out that in the four year period 1968-72, France played only 24 international matches (like Switzerland and Spain) where 17 other countries played between 26 and 41. "Thus all the great countries of Europe play more matches than France." He also recalls that when the French team was at its best, Reims provided six or seven of its players.

"Players ambitious to play for their country work harder and better than the rest, at every level." All credit to a team manager who has achieved much in the face of some factious opposition.

by ERIC BATTY

ORIGINS OF 4-2-4

THE contemporary way of explaining a team's tactical framework is by way of numbers and the switch from letters (WM was the predecessor of 4-2-4) was made by Brazil in 1958. No doubt this switch had to be made for the many variations of negative football that are currently popular everywhere (including England) could not possibly be described in terms of letters. This aside is merely by the way for the theme I am about to develop concerns the origins of the 4-2-4 system rather than a study of present day tactics.

Four two four suited the Brazilians of 1958 ideally because by pulling one wing half into the back line they reinforced their team where it was most vulnerable: in defence, and, to compensate for the loss of a midfield player they had the perfect link man in Didi who dropped back from inside right to play in left midfield. Though 4-2-4 was ideally suited to the skills Brazil had at their disposal in 1958, they made the greatest error in 1966 by sticking to what was, by then, an outmoded system.

In the 1958 World Cup, Brazil played with four at the back, two in the middle and four upfront and most important, their newspaper-men wrote openly of their new system and referred to it by numerals. This was new—to refer to it by numbers—but the system itself was old. At least five years old and probably more.

Clear cut pattern

Way back in 1953 the Hungarians had destroyed England (and the WM system) with their own brand of 4-2-4 but not surprisingly they shrugged off questions about their methods and left everyone to assume that they had beaten England by 6—3 at Wembley simply because they had some great players. If Brazil's 4-2-4 was openly spoken about and widely copied, the Magyars version was not spotted—probably because several players switched position so frequently that it was very difficult to distinguish a clear cut pattern.

There was no doubt about the Hungarians back four—Buzansky, Lorant, Zakarias and Lantos—though many critics failed to recognise the role of left half Zakarias, writing of him as a plum amongst peaches—a player who was so ordinary that he should count himself lucky to be permitted to play in such exalted company. In those days, of course, everyone expected that a player with a 6 on his back should be as skilful and constructive as was the Hungarian right half Bozsik. This is what threw everyone off.

Midfield general

In England of all places they should have known better for in the early years after the war Arsenal played 4-2-4. I didn't recognise it at the time, though there is no doubt of it now, and neither incidentally did the Arsenal players. This was made clear to me by Joe Mercer the Manchester City General Manager when we spoke about it two years ago. Talking about tactics, I said to Mr. Mercer: "Wing halves in the back four are as old as the hills, you played as a sweeper in your Arsenal days." "Did I" he replied, "I suppose I did"

In Mercer's time at Highbury they went all the way with Mercer alongside Leslie Compton; Jimmy Logie and either Alex Forbes or Archie MacCauley in midfield and Doug Lishman, the striker playing up alongside Ronnie Rooke at centre forward. With Lewis taking over from Rooke, this was Arsenal's 4-2-4 for some years after the end of the war in 1945.

It was some time in the early sixties that I realised that 4-2-4 was the name of the game played by Arsenal and thinking back to the years before my time I pieced together all the clues. During their hey-day in the thirties Arsenal were famed for many things including their flying wingers Hulme and Bastin and their arch-schemer Alex James. Herbert Chapman signed James from Preston and by all accounts converted him into a midfield general of unimaginable ingenuity and skill while the other inside forward was a scorer.

Another outstanding, and still remembered, facet of Arsenal's game in the thirties was the hard-man image of Wilf Copping, the original Iron man. Copping, it seems, was totally destructive while the other Arsenal wing half of the time was Crayston, by repute a skilful ball player. Having already introduced the original (?) stopper centre half Herbie Roberts it's all there—4-2-4.

I query the accepted fact that Roberts was the original because Chapman arrived at Arsenal as the man who had achieved the impossible—leading Huddersfield Town to the First Division championship three seasons in a row (1923-1926). What Chapman did at Arsenal he had probably done before and in Huddersfield recently I met a man who convinced me that my theories about 4-2-4 were correct.

More entertaining

Sharing a table over lunch on match day, I talked with Mr. F. E. Stringer an elderly gentleman who has watched Huddersfield Town since 1911. Admitting as we all do (consciously or otherwise) that we tend to look *back* at the 'golden days' Mr. Stringer agreed that in his opinion football was better, more entertaining, forty years ago. But it was not so much his support for Huddersfield that interested me but his recollections of the players and their abilities.

An inside right who scored goals regularly; two outstanding wingers and ONE brilliant wing half back. The other wing half (see Zakarias) was not so good while the star of all the stars was inside left Clem Stephenson.

I've heard other people talk about this man Stephenson and everyone is agreed that he was great. *He very seldom scored goals but what a player!*

Enlightened days

At a time when the centre half back (not the stopper) was supposed to be the king pin, it might seem surprising that a man with such a good memory for names couldn't remember the Huddersfield centre half!

Taking a piece of paper I asked Mr. Stringer to tell me what he remembered about the play and abilities of each player and placed each one where they would line up in these enlightened days when we all know that numbers on their backs mean nothing. When Mr. Stringer was finished I showed him my scrap of paper and without realising it he had described the exact replica of Brazil's 4-2-4.

At that time, Mr. Stringer's 'golden days' Huddersfield finished third, champions, champions, champions, second and second in the First Division. No wonder they were successful when one realises they were playing a game that the rest of the world was not to discover for another thirty years!

Are players slipping back again?

While Manchester United and Derby County were involved in a struggle to sign Ian Moore from Nottingham Forest, the player himself pops out to do a bit of shopping, too . . . for his wife!

WILL there be another 'referees' revolution' at the start of the 1972-73 league campaign in England? The hard-line measures that were introduced during the opening weeks of the current Football League season are beginning to disappear. Players are slipping back into their old habits and referees generally are more lax than they were in September and October of last year.

After the initial hysteria died down, players, officials and particularly the supporters agreed that while they may not have agreed with the way the Football League introduced their new policy, the game as a whole was considerably enhanced.

But in recent weeks some of the vicious tackling has crept back and players are once more showing dissent and gamesmanship without being cautioned. One can understand that some of the referees themselves feel that there is little point in cautioning players as long as the various Disciplinary Committees reverse so many decisions but that is not the point at issue.

Whatever the decisions of the Disciplinary Committees, referees should be encouraged to maintain strict control. The campaign to clean-up the game in England has been a success; it would be a tragedy if all the good work of the past few months were to be to no avail.

Rapturous

Congratulations to Jackie Charlton, who chalked up his 600th League appearance for Leeds United when they played Coventry City. Jackie, after receiving a rapturous reception from the Elland Road crowd—and gifts from the club and his playing colleagues—celebrated in fine style by scoring the winning goal . . . a goal that proved to be the final nail in the coffin of Noel Cantwell.

Cantwell lost his job as Coventry's manager a day after the defeat at Leeds. After almost five years at Highfield, Cantwell was sacked with three years of a five-year contract still to run. While the club appreciated all he

by PHILIP RISING

had done, results on the field were not up to expectations. Attendances at Highfield Road had dropped by almost 10,000 per match, and Cantwell suddenly found himself out of a job.

Jackie Charlton, meanwhile, goes on and on. Some say he is playing better than ever and, judging by some of Leeds' recent performances, it would be difficult to argue with that.

Delighted

March was certainly a month when some of the 'old-timers'—if they will pardon the expression—hogged the headlines. George Eastham and Gordon Banks were the Stoke City heroes in their Football League Cup Final victory over Chelsea. Anyone with an ounce of sentiment in his blood must have felt delighted that Stoke won a match they should have lost—and Eastham's winning goal provided a touch of magic.

While all professional footballers owe a great deal to George Eastham—it was he, remember, who pioneered the abolition of the maximum wage—the public at large was behind Banks. Since 1966 this outstanding goalkeeper has been one of the most admired players in the country. Talk about goalkeepers in any company, and the name of Banks will be the most revered.

Skippered

Frank O'Farrell is rivalling Richard Burton as one of the world's great spenders. Martin Buchan, from Aberdeen, and Ian Moore, from Nottingham Forest, reduced the Old Trafford bank balance by some £330,000—and O'Farrell might have spent another £200,000 had the right player been available.

Manchester United have stayed out of the transfer market for a long time but when Buchan and Moore came on the market, O'Farrell wasted no time. Buchan, who skippered the side in only his second match, came south with a fine reputation as a cool, intelligent defender with natural qualities of leadership.

That reputation was quickly confirmed. Buchan brought some much needed authority to the United defence and also enabled David Sadler to play a more positive role. Sadler, a very talented player, has been somewhat restricted when tied to a place in the back-four. Originally a centre forward (he won England amateur caps while with Maidstone United) and then a centre half (two caps for the full England team), Sadler might blossom still further in a new role.

George Eastham, a Wembley winner's medal at last. George scored the winning goal for Stoke City in the Football League Cup Final against Chelsea.

Rumours

Moore eventually signed for United after an extraordinary transfer saga. At one time Moore seemed destined for Derby County but O'Farrell ultimately got his man and Moore scored on his debut against Huddersfield. Even before Moore arrived, there were rumours that George Best might ask for a move because he was disappointed at the side's decline after leading the table for much of the season.

The Manchester United manager quickly scotched these stories and Best should be much happier with Moore around to take some of the goalscoring responsibilities off his shoulders.

Arch-rivals

While O'Farrell was delighted at signing Buchan and Moore, arch-rivals Manchester City moved swiftly to scoop Rodney Marsh for another £200,000 fee. Malcolm Allison has wanted Marsh for a long time and Rodney—the darling of the Queens Park Rangers crowd—has always admired City. Their mutual respect has now brought them together and City should have a phenomenal forward line in the weeks ahead.

Marsh is undoubtedly one of the most talented players in England. Alongside players of the calibre of Francis Lee, Colin Bell, Mike Summerbee and Wyn Davies, he can hardly fail and perhaps, at long last, Maine Road will begin to enjoy the sort of crowds that are commonplace at nearby Old Trafford.

Pastoriza, Independiente's mainstay, shoots for goal in the Argentinian National Championship.

South American Round-up by ERIC WEIL

BIG SALE IN FULL SWING

THE big sale is in full swing. Argentina, and to a lesser extent Uruguay, are the sellers. Brazil are the main buyers in South America, with Peru and Colombia also in the market on a smaller scale. Lately the biggest market for Argentine players has been Mexico, however, and in January 37 Argentine players were lining up for 12 First Division clubs in league games there.

Argentina failed to qualify for the last World Cup at Mexico. Yet since then some 250 of her players have gone to foreign clubs and the exodus shows no signs of letting up, although the F.A. has stopped some sales of younger internationals as, for example, that of last season's leading First Division scorer, Carlos Bianchi (Velez Sarsfield).

Argentine clubs are willing sellers. They need cash badly, can get it more easily from foreign clubs while, at the same time, they would never hear the end of it from their fans if they let a good player go to a local rival.

Exchange

Exact terms of sale are often not published, but it is estimated that some 3,500,000 Dollars came into the country during 1971 as a result of player transfers. Yet the top price so far is that paid by Brazilian club, Palmeiras, for Boca Juniors international half, Norberto Madurga, and it works out at only £44,000 at the current exchange rate. A player of Madurga's ability would fetch three times the price by European standards. As many other top line players have gone to foreign clubs for half the price, Argentine players must surely be among the cheapest in the world.

The Brazilian Sports Confederation, alarmed at the "importation" of Argentine players, has asked the Government to pass a law which would permit clubs to have only one foreign player on their books (under contracts not valid for longer than two years) and that in no case must this be a goalkeeper.

The latter is well-known to be Brazil's weak spot, but in Andrada and Cejas (Argentina) and Mazurkiewicz (Uruguay), they now have the continent's best goalkeepers playing in the country.

National team coach, Mario Zagalo, has signed to coach Rio club, Flamengo, at a reported monthly salary of 1600 dollars and a 12,000-dollar bonus, as well as all bonuses the players will earn.

Nacional, the world club champions, and Peñarol are currently playing close season friendlies with much changed line-ups. To cut their wage bills they have had to let some of their top players go, as already reported in previous issues.

Transfers

Latest to move is Peñarol's Argentine forward, Erminio Onega who was given a free transfer in exchange for 80,000 dollars owed to him by the club in wages. Onega has returned to Argentina to sign for Velez Sarsfield where he is likely to form a dangerous wing with prolific scorer, Bianchi.

The Uruguayan F.A. intends stopping transfers of Uruguayan players out of the country during 1973 and 1974 however.

Meanwhile Atletica Sudamericana, of Paysandu, in defiance of F.I.F.A. rules, put Claudina Pintos at centre-forward in a game against Sporting Club Uruguayana (Brazil). Claudina, who thus became the first woman to line up as a professional in a men's team, did not impress and was substituted during the second half.

Champions

Oriente Petrolero became Bolivian champions for the first time, while Chaco and The Strongest tied for second place and will have to play off for a place in the "Libertadores" Cup together with the champions.

Colombia's is the last of South America's league championships to finish —in fact it hadn't at press-time as Independiente-Santa Fe (Bogotá) and Nacional (Medellin) still had to decide the title after drawing 0—0 in the first play-off—and also the first of the new season to start. The first part of the league programme, the "Abertura" championship, kicked off on February 7

Relegation

Modest provincial club, Jose Galvez, of Chimbote, is hitting the headlines in Peru. They only just escaped relegation last season, but their directors, all wealthy business-men, are determined to build a strong team for next season. Argentine internationals, Daniel Onega and Oscar Mas, are on their wanted list, but players after the big money there should be warned. The permanent stink of fish at the port of Chimbote takes some getting used to.

Plenty of visitors

QUITE a few top Yugoslavian clubs wintered abroad, but for those who remained at home or returned early there was no shortage of foreign visitors from Eastern Europe eager for match practice.

Several of the friendlies drew good crowds though the weather on the Adriatic coast was not as good as normal. The USSR national team, short only of Dynamo Kiev players, touring alone in preparation for next season's European Cup, played several games without distinguishing themselves. Perhaps their biggest failure was a 1—1 draw against Division II Budocnost.

Dinamo Zagreb, apparently much improved since the departure of coach Zlatko 'Tschik' Cajkowsky entertained Hungarian champions and league leaders Ujpest Dozsa and won 3—2 while Red Star, favourites for the current title, played two games home and away against the title holders Hajduk Split. Red Star, still without Dragan Dzajic won both games 1—0 and 4—2.

Velibor Vasovic now in command of the prestigioso but currently unsuccessful Partizan Belgrade has used the axe during the break to good effect. With five coaches and 30 players on the payroll, Vasovic has announced that 16 of the players and three coaches will go.

Fourteen full time players, he says, are quite adequate.

At the resumption of league football Partizan got off to a good start. Without a league win since October they beat Borac 1—0 and followed that with a 2—1 win away to Radnicki Kragujevic who are struggling against relegation and no easy meat at home.

These two wins bring Partizan up to par with one point per game played but trailing behind the leaders by nine points they have no chance of making up the leeway this term.

At the top of the table, it's a three way struggle with OFK Beograd still in the reckoning behind the pacemakers Zeljeznicar (Sarajevo) with 28 points; Red Star a point behind and Vojvodina, the team of new national team boss Vujadin Boskov a further point away. OFK are three points behind Zeljeznicar.

GREECE SHOCK

MAKING several changes to the team that fumbled to defeat against Holland recently, Greece surprised everyone—perhaps even themselves—with a morale (and prestige) boosting 2—1 win over Italy at the Karaiskaki Stadium in Athens.

The Italians claimed, with some justification, that it was only a friendly—a training game— but to the Greeks it was a triumph over the World Cup finalists.

Irish manager Billy Bingham, and inside right and captain Dimitrios Domazos, elevated themselves to the status of national heroes and there is no doubt that after a fine showing in the 1970 World Cup qualifying games, the Greeks will give a very good account of themselves in the 1974 preliminaries.

The gangling centre forward Antoniadis got the opening goal—marked by Giacinto Facchetti—with a right foot shot and in the second half his header put left winger Pomonis away for what proved to be the winner.

In between, Roberto Roninsegna got one back for Italy who had Mazzola, Boninsegna and Riva in an attack that either failed or was stifled by the stubborn Greek defenders.

In the league race, Panathinaikos seemed destined to take the title by a good margin after they disposed of third placed Aris (Salonika) by 2—1 in Athens. The Puskas squad came back from a 0—1 deficit at half time (Alexiadis) to win with two goals from midfield star Elefterakis.

On the same day Olympiakos kept in contact with a 6—1 victory away to Algaleo in which Arghirudis took a hat trick.

The scene was changed dramatically, however, when AEK, the reigning champions, clashed with their neighbours Panathinaikos and beat them 2—1, trimming the leaders advantage to only two points (equal to a draw in Greece). Domazos gave Panathinaikos an interval lead but Pomonis and Nicolaidis (a penalty) gave the day to AEK and their Yugoslav boss Branko Stankovic.

There are signs too that the strain is beginning to bring out the old but recently stifled Greek temperament. In the Panathinaikos-Aris match three players were sent off (two from Aris) and the Athens derby was settled by a penalty . . . inevitably disputed hotly.

Antoniadis scores for Greece against Italy in Athens.

NEW REA

Munoz presents

ARISTOCRATIC Real Madrid are firmly back on the road to glory . . . after suffering from a lean spell which is the fate of all great clubs. This period has been short, due to the calm shrewdness of the club's great triumvirate, Bernabeu (the brain), Calderon (the organiser) and Muñoz (the technician), who now present "The Baby Show" which is quickly becoming the talk of Europe.

For two years Real have been the target of destructive criticism from the country's press. The consistency and ferociousness of the attacks slowly alienated the loyalty and harmony of certain sections of the Club's tremendous following. Their demonstrations of protest, at times, became frightening. President Bernabeu was threatened (I've had three hundred letters, he revealed), directors publicly insulted—and private lives of players invaded.

All this was because, drugged by years of triumphs, the fans and press couldn't take defeat and were disappointed because, for the first time in seventeen years, Real had failed to win a domestic or international title.

President Santiago Bernabeu, as he always does (sometimes unwisely), pugnaciously hit back. "We reached the final of the Cup Winners Cup and took England's toughest team to a replay. We finished only two points behind the League Champions. We are forced through over-demands, to restrict our membership to 70,000. The season ended with a profit and an impressive Bank balance after subsidising all our non-spectator sports sections. We don't owe a penny to anyone . . . and nearly £100,000 is now being spent on enlarging the ground by 25,000 seats. Yet the press say we are dead. What a strange kind of death! The trouble is that this cadaver of ours just won't lie down."

The re-emergence and reconstruction was a typically Real Madrid operation. It was done quietly and shrewdly behind Bernabeu's incessant appeals for "Patience" . . . and while the press and fans were blinded by their own spiteful dissatisfaction.

Mediocre players

When the season ended and almost every league club rushed into the transfer market, Real Madrid silently stood by and smiled at the mad scramble. They had no intention of paying inflated prices for mediocre players. Or participating in any kind of auction. Instead they gave free transfers to six famous players . . . Betancort, Sanchis (World Cup hero), Manuel Bueno, Calpe, De la Fuente and Planelles (all of whom were found clubs within twenty-four hours), besides announcing the retirement of the famous Francisco Gento.

The decks were cleared for new players and Real, who still had most of last season's useless (so the press said) league side intact, were prepared to wait . . . "five years if necessary", said Manager Muñoz.

As the weeks passed with no new signings criticism grew in volume. Even the hot summer did not exhaust the "Angry Ones". Protest letters poured in. Disgruntled members drafted "no confidence" proposals. Outwardly Real were amazingly apathetic and unconcerned . . . behind the scenes, annoyed at the lack of faith, but calm and quietly active.

The first move came when Real announced they had paid £100,000 for three promising youngsters from Gento-land, 2nd Division Santander. Then, in quick succession, they had recalled a goalkeeper ceded to Oviedo, quietly signed a full-back from newly promoted Cordoba, bought a completely unknown (even in his own country) Argentine of *genuine* Spanish parents and promoted to the professional squad four amateurs from various affiliated clubs. Not one of these players was over the age of 22.

Momentarily the critics were staggered and silenced by Real's "audacity". Big names had been demanded . . . Churruca (Gijon), Rojo (Atletico Bilbao), Viberti (Malaga), Garate (Atletico Madrid), Quino (Betis), each of whom would have cost £120,000. Real's defiant wise men had turned to the Second, Third and Regional Divisions.

A scandalous waste of money! Bernabeu is becoming senile! Muñoz must go! Real hotfoot for Division Two! They are too young and inexperienced!

Manager Miguel Muñoz agreed . . . "They are young and inexperienced but are a good investment for the future. They need time to develop". *The only thing he didn't make clear . . . was how much time would be needed.*

On September 5 when Real Madrid opened their league season against Betis, 100,000 packed into Estadio Santiago Bernabeu. It was the world presentation of "The Baby Show" . . . the new Real Madrid, which loudspeakers announced as: Garcia Remon, Tourino, Benito, Verdugo, Grosso, Zoco, Aguilar, Amancio, Santillana, Velazquez, Anzarda.

It was the triumvirate's happiest afternoon. Their plans, which may have been considered a gamble, had triumphed and after all those months of critical attacks it was Real who had the last laugh.

The 2-0 victory over modest opposition was incidental. Important was the entertaining and methodical football, the flair and enthusiasm, the composure and confidence. It was more than a sign-post pointing to the future. As one director put it . . . "Real are on a solid highway bordered with roses planted by the Babes, leading to a galaxy of honours."

Great tradition

The backroom-hero was the much criticised Miguel Muñoz. The Inseparable Three had planned the reconstruction, but it was "The Master" who, in only three weeks, had taken five raw, inexperienced youngsters and turned them into players worthy of the Club's great tradition. No wonder he had refused to stipulate how long it would take for these youngsters to develop. He knew before he signed them. Unlike most managers he didn't expect the Babes to follow the methods of the stars. On the contrary. He designed everything around the style of the Babes.

Three days later "The Baby Show" flew into Europe and swept aside Basle, (Didn't England have trouble with Switzerland's seven Basle players?) with all the aplomb of a great side. Then . . . eight league successes . . . a second triumph over Basle . . . a tremendous draw in Frankfurt . . . a win over Red Star France . . . a 3-1 victory against Eindhoven . . . later, came defeat in Eindhoven (after fourteen matches) and elimination from the U.E.F.A. Cup. But no matter.

This was no experimental side . . . it was a real Real. Muñoz made no changes for weeks and even when the fabulous Pirri was fit again he played only in the second half. Amancio was out when suspended in December after being sent off in the Battle of Granada . . . Benito was out after suspension following the great (footballwise) game against Atletico Madrid. But these set-backs didn't disturb "The Baby Show". Their nurses (Amancio and Pirri) may have been off-duty but these babies proved they were quite able to look after their own diapers and bottles.

Success followed success (how the prophets and critics wilted and cried) . . . they became Winter Champions . . . and although pressure may well eventually disturb them before the season ends . . . no reasonable observer or commentator has any doubts as to the future.

The files in Real's administration offices give the glowing details of Muñoz's achievement. But let me spotlight the new-

AL MADRID
s the 'Baby Show'

by NORMAN CUTLER

comers you should know, because one day they will be as well known as Di Stefano, Puskas and Gento.

Starting from the back. Twenty-year-old goalkeeper GARCIA REMON was one of the 3,500 youngsters Real give trials to every season. He spent three years with Madrid's amateur side, was ceded to Third Division Talavera for one season and in 1970-71 loaned to Oviedo (Second Division). Muñoz recalled him for the pre-season match against Red Star Belgrade. The youngster's performance was so marvellous and his progress so advanced that Real officially reclaimed him and, in spite of having four other keepers, immediately gave him a League side place. He has since gained an Under-23 cap.

In the defence is Juan Tourino (25) signed in October 1970 from Quilmes (Argentine) but out of the side since the sixth game last season through injury . . . Gregorio Benito (24) another Real juvenile whose career was handicapped in its early stages by military service in the desert at Sidi Ifni. Played regularly last season and is one of Kubala's international squad.

Dangerous schemer

The new left back is JUAN VERDUGO, twenty-two, a secret signing from Cordoba, a few days before the season opened. He is probably the fastest full-back in Spain, was selected for the international with Hungary but withdrew through injury after the classic with Atletico Madrid.

The faithful Zoco (31), international, new captain of the side and eight years with Real . . . and the fabulous Pirri (25), brilliant star and motor of the Spanish National side, form the middle line.

The forward line has three "babes" . . . two genuine, authentic, along-the-line wingers . . . and attacking, striking centre-forward of the Mortensen-Drake type . . . together with two veteran inside forwards, the 32-year-old Amancio who has moved back to become a revelation as a mid-field player, and the dangerous schemer, Velazquez (28).

Military service

Outside right . . . the first since Amancio's early days (Madrid have for years played without a specialist right winger) is FRANCISCO AGUILAR, aged 22. He's the most complete player of the £100,000-Santander deal. His tremendous speed, accurate and beautifully placed centres make him the most dangerous of forwards. He was on military service in Vitoria when his Commander called him from the firing range to reveal he had been signed by Real Madrid. Scored in his first game and a month later was capped against Cyprus in the Nations Cup.

On the other wing is EDUARDO ANZARDA, twenty-one, born in San Javia (Argentine) of *genuine* Spanish parents. He was on the books of River Plate—but forgotten. Real saw him as the successor to Gento (What a task!). He has ideas, is fast and cuts in dangerously to score goals (five in his first ten games) . . . but he has not yet become fully acclimatized to the rhythm of Spanish football. Muñoz says: "He's holding his own, he will soon do justice to his predecessor."

The glamour kid of the newcomers is nineteen-year-old CARLOS SANTILLANA, also part of the Santander deal. President Bernabeu says: "If the destructive critics leave him alone he'll become another Di Stefano." That's a load for any youngster to carry. But already he shows signs of having the heading ability and striking talent of Tommy Lawton, the courage of Ted Drake, the opportunism of Stan Mortensen and the shooting power of Pancho Puskas. I can hear certain people saying "Impossible". But let's not argue . . . just wait and see.

Miguel Munoz, manager of Real Madrid for twelve years.

Santillana is yet another player Barcelona lost to Real Madrid. In 1969 "Barca" offered the juvenile club, Barreda of Torrelavega, £600 for Santillana's services. They argued, asked for £1,500, which Barcelona turned down flat. A few months later Barreda transferred him to Santander for £600 plus three players.

Great players

In the autumn of 1970 after Santillana had scored five goals in one match, Seville approached Santander for his transfer. They were asked £90,000 (This boy is good, but not that good, yet). That demand became the season's big laugh . . . except to Real Madrid. They paid £33,000 for him as part of the Deal, and enthusiastically believe he will eventually become one of the world's great players.

In the wings of "The Baby Show"—Stage Director, Miguel Muñoz, Assistant Stage Director, Luis Molowny, are Fleitas (24), Grande (23), De Felipe (26), Maranon (23), Corral (20) No. 3 of The Deal, and Gonzalez (26).

This then is the new Real Madrid . . . but let someone else tell you. After Real drew with the Combined Frankfurt XI the "Frankfurter Neue Presse" wrote "Theirs was perfect football, the kind you see only on rare occasions. This splendid Real is not yet shining as of twenty years ago, but there are vivid lights and a powerful freshness which assures that this team, step by step, will reach the heights of Old Madrid.

PELE—LAST FAREWELL?

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

THE brilliant career of Edson Arantes do Nascimento—better known as Pelé—is slowly nearing its end. The greatest footballer the world has ever known is approaching the ripe old age of 32 and has already, for some time now, begun devoting more of his time to a multitude of business ventures than to soccer. Will we ever see another genius like him? A man who has scored 1,000 goals, before he even played in 1,000 games in first class football—which means that Pelé has averaged throughout his illustrious playing career, spanning just over 15 years, more than a goal match!

His recent visit to Britain with Santos, who played Aston Villa and Sheffield Wednesday, may well have been his last pilgrimage to the motherland of soccer. It is sad to see the passing of this great star just as, inevitably, Santos FC once deprived of Pelé will no longer be able to command a £10,000 guarantee for a friendly match! Even today, Pelé still carries the responsibility for winning matches, but he is surrounded by veterans or juniors. Santos have gradually been slipping and unless the management are lucky in finding adequate replacements, the club may well disappear—internationally—into oblivion. But how does one find substitutes for the irreplaceable?

Interview

These and other questions were put recently to the "Black Prince" of soccer. In an interview with a close friend, Pelé has revealed his serious concern for that famous Brazilian club in whose colours he not only gained worldwide acclaim, but also became the first genuine soccer millionaire!

Question: Why are Santos losing games more frequently?

Pelé: "If the club fail to engage new stars, then it will slump among the "also-rans". We have only four players of international class: The captain Carlos Alberto in defence, Clodoaldo in midfield (note that both these World Cup stars did not play on the British tour), Edu in attack, plus the Argentinian goalkeeper Cejas." *And what about Pelé?* "I no longer regard myself as an international star and leave it to the critics to judge whether my performances still reach international level".

Q.: Will you not participate in the "Mini-World Cup" next summer?

Pelé: "President Medici asked me to turn out and also play in the World Cup in 1974, but I refused. That is why it's best for me not to be included, so that the national side can get used to playing without me."

Apparently there are other—as yet undisclosed, reasons why Pelé will not return to the international arena. But how did he manage to avoid serious injury when all these years he has been the principal target for violence and brutality?

Pelé: "Most of my injuries were pulled muscles and some through my own fault for either not training enough, or before a match failing to warm up my muscles sufficiently. But in Brazil it is customary for many reporters to walk onto the pitch before a game and interview players, so that quite often I hardly ran for a couple of paces before the actual kick-off. Regarding bad injuries like bone fractures, it is a fact that forwards are much more mobile than defenders and therefore often able to avoid a heavy tackle—providing of course that their reactions are quick! My reflexes are still very good and this helps me to evade direct collisions."

Q.: Where do you prefer to play with Santos, in Brazil or abroad?

Pelé: "Abroad, because of the referees (!). Here we have refs who have made a name for themselves because of me. One of them (Armando Marques), has already sent me off five times (!), yet this has never happened to me overseas. I admit that on occasions I deserved it, because I couldn't control my temper, but this particular official has often punished me unjustly. I am always trying to serve as an example to the youngsters not only on, but also outside the football pitch."

Pelé once complained that soccer commitments prevent him from leading a normal family life. But now he not only plays, he is also a Public Relations Officer for a bank and has already appeared in two films. How much spare time can he afford now?

Pelé: "As long as my name still counts for something, then I must fulfil my commercial obligations. Although I have curtailed my activities, which call for numerous personal invitations and receptions, I am still only rarely in my home. I always look forward to Santos opening a training camp, so that I can get away from all those banquets. But the day is not far off now, when I shall be able to devote much more time to my wife Rose and the children."

Income

Q.: Which provides you currently with the greater income, football or your various businesses?

Pelé: "A lot of nonsense has been written on this subject. The fact is that thanks to my soccer career I can now earn more money in business than by playing for Santos. But when I give up football one day then perhaps my enterprises will become stagnant. . . ."

Q.: But surely your commercial affairs are built on solid foundation?

Pelé: "Today, yes. But earlier I sustained some losses when Pepo Gordo was my promoter."

Pelé has contributed enormously to the fame and popularity of his country. Does he regard himself as a national hero of Brazil?

Pelé: "Never—on the contrary, I am frequently annoyed at the ridiculous and untrue stories which appear in books and cheap articles about me. And yet I try so hard to avoid any smear of character or scandals. After my retirement I shall sit down and write an autobiography which will contain the whole truth."

Q.: Is it true that you are building a house not only with a swimming pool but also with a miniature football pitch?

Pelé: "Yes, the soccer pitch will permit me to kick about with my friends for old times' sake. We could play seven-a-side on it."

No one, as yet, had the audacity to ask whether admission will be charged. . . .

by ERIC THORNTON

Keegan—to be great!

He moved through the pain barrier which is always awaiting newcomers to the training systems conjured up by Liverpool, and, like many others of earlier years, found himself almost tackling an old-fashioned assault course.

HE might have been an international star with Coventry City. Or even Doncaster Rovers if their slips hadn't been showing. Instead, he became valuable bargaining property for hard-up Scunthorpe United, who gratefully pocketed a £35,000 transfer cheque from Liverpool.

The subject is Kevin Keegan. That's the 20-year-old striker who made the fantastic jump from basement stuff in the Fourth Division to First Division class, then sprinted up for a Young England cap, and is now an exciting World Cup prospect.

Its all happened within one amazing year for this youngster whose early life was spent among the pit villages of the native heath of South Yorkshire, where they still believe you've only to whistle down what Jack Charlton terms "bloody big holes" for young footballers to surface in the next cage.

Unimpressed

Kevin never anticipated that life would develop as it is doing. None of his pals forecast a soccer career. The sports master always concentrated on others when picking the school team for the village of Armthorpe. Indeed, after a Coventry scout had perceived possibilities the folk at Highfield Road were unimpressed, and, feeling "messed about" the boy returned home smartly.

Doncaster staged private trials, but their chance of later sales cash evaporated when they wrote him off because of being late for training, a decison which must rank as one of the greatest mistakes the Belle Vue outfit ever made.

Fortunately, and especially from his personal point of view, that man Ron Ashman came into the reckoning just as an office clerkship was beginning to beckon, and Kevin gladly linked up with the Old Show ground club as a 16-year-old eager beaver of an apprentice.

Old-fashioned

That was the real start. He became a winger of the old-fashioned mould, and in next to no time was a first-team regular while still only 17, though it was not until injuries created unexpected vacancies and manager Ashman moved him inside that the fans began talking about him.

Arsenal, Everton, Wolves and a host of other clubs searching for young finishers had a look-see, but never stayed behind in Scunthorpe's comfy boardroom for after-match talks about Keegan's future, and it was rather looking as if the horizons lacked the right distance when, finally, the Anfield scouts put Bill Shankly wise about submerged talent.

That was when everything began buzzing for Kevin, the boy with his eyes on the stars. He left the friendly, little Lincolnshire steel town and all his friends for thronged and bustling Merseyside, where soccer is almost a religion, and life is tough for a player if the Kop's agin him.

Shankly, watching daily, was planning to bring the youngster into the big scene gradually, but had second thoughts after heavy rain caused remodelling of the normal schedule. A practice game was switched to the Anfield pitch, and Kevin performed as if he'd been with them since schooldays.

So Anfield's chief tossed him in at the deep end when this campaign opened, last August. And the youngster responded with an early goal against Nottingham Forest, which is always a pretty good accomplishment on a debut day and before a crowd of 50,000. So, you can guess, The Kop took him to their hearts.

Sir Alf Ramsey, who is always on the end of soccer's grapevine, heard about several excellent shows, went along for personal assessment, promptly planted the boy in the line-up for the under-23 battle with the Scots, and handed out the news as a birthday present.

It was February, by which time he had only played a mere twenty-eight First Division games. It's easy to imagine the lad was mighty pleased, yet, I'll tell you, he was disappointed in another way. For although laying on England's first goal in a 2—2 draw on the Derby mud flats, Kevin was slightly unhappy about having played as an orthodox winger whereas with Liverpool he has a roving commission.

How does Shankly view this signing? He believes that Keegan is going to be great, then adds these particular points: "I'm just as sure of Kevin at 20, as I was of Denis Law at 17, when the young Scot was on my staff at Huddersfield. He can play anywhere—inside, down the middle, and on either flank, and is one of those rare birds—a worker who is also a ball player."

The fact that he's only 5ft. 7ins. has been raised by many, but if you mention it to Shankly he quickly brushes it aside in this magnificent way: "If you're good enough you're big enough,' and he's got shoulders like a middleweight and is going to be great . . . GREAT!"

Liverpool's Keegan tackles Chelsea's Hollins.

The Dutch scene.....by JOHN SPARROW

Fadrhonc accepts two-year contract

FRANTISEK Fadrhonc, Holland's national team boss, is to stay. Months of uncertainty over his future ended with the Koninklijke Nederlandse Voetbalbond—prodded by players—extending his contract for two years.

Fadrhonc was blamed by opponents for the Dutch failure in the European Championships and determined to reach the 1974 World Cup finals in Munich the KNVB queried if he was the best man to ensure Holland's passage. At one stage it seemed clear the KNVB's professional section was for axing him yet in the ensuing weeks came a mysterious about face.

Significant seems the role of the Dutch players with whom Fadrhonc is popular and respected. A week before the decision was announced the KNVB met the national team players' committee—a formidable line up of Johan Cruyff, Piet Keizer, Rinus Israel and Willem van Hanegem—in Zeist where the players made it known in no uncertain terms that they wanted Fadrhonc to stay. Within a week the affair was over leaving only minor details of the contract to be fixed.

Fadrhonc said he had certain financial demands which he wanted met. "But I don't think it will be a big problem," he added.

Pier Keizer of Ajax.

Neighbours

For champions Feyenoord the only hope of glory this season lies in the direction of the European Cup. With the league virtually out of reach—an unbeaten Ajax were four points clear after 22 games—insult was added to injury when neighbours Sparta crept from the shadow of their arch rival and knocked the champs out of the Dutch cup.

It was the first time in ten years Feyenoord had fallen on Sparta's home ground. Extra time elapsed with the score still 2—2 and in the deciding penalty shots a Frans Hasil miss gave Sparta the game. Feyenoord manager, Guus Brox, said afterwards: "I just want to forget it. We have to go for the European Cup now with everything we've got if we want to be sure of international football on a respectable level next season."

More trouble, too, from the Rotterdammers' midfield star, Willem van Hanegem, two weeks before the first European Cup quarter final clash with Benfica. Van Hanegem refused to carry out trainer Happel's instructions in a friendly with Sparta Prague, after a row over cup ticket allocations, and was dropped against DWS Amsterdam. Out too was Austrian Hasil for not showing enough enthusiasm, but Happel was forced to bring him in for the second half because weakened Feyenoord found the Amsterdammers quite a handful despite a 0—2 win.

Also from the Feyenoord camp 34-year-old Coen Moulijn—the grand old man of Dutch soccer—has announced he will retire at the end of next season. Injury free for years the left winger has been hurt twice this season. He sustained injuries when his car ran into a train on a level crossing and then damaged an arm in a cup game against Blauw Wit. "Injuries hit you hard after a long spell free from them. I've set a limit on my playing days and I don't want to change it," he said.

The Dutch cup has thrown up more than one shock. FC Twente fell 1—0 to middle of the road First Division club Fortuna SC in the first round while FC Utrecht were thrashed 2—0 by First Division leaders Haarlem. FC Den Haag just made it against AZ'67, the match being decided on penalty shots when extra time failed to provide a victor.

Fortuna beat DWS 1—0 in the second round to be paired with Wageningen, one of the better First Division teams, who reached the quarter final by thrashing Premier Division Telstar and FC Groningen.

Speculation

PSV continued their inconsistent path by losing 1—0 to relegation zone Volendam in the second round, having quashed them 4—0 in the Premier Division earlier in the season. The cup defeat means no international competitive football for PSV next season and immediately the speculation over trainer Kurt Linder's future began yet again. New favourite to succeed Linder is Kees Rijvers, the FC Twente trainer, reported to be in contact with PSV. Rijvers, however, has eighteen months of his Twente contract to run.

The KNVB has cast a kindly eye over the idea of a midweek super league which would feature six top clubs. Sparked off by FC Den Haag (*World Soccer, March*) the sponsored competition would not only bring extra cash for the clubs but hefty player bonuses for sportive and attacking football.

The six clubs are Ajax, Sparta, Twente, Den Haag, Utrecht and PSV. Selection was left to the sponsors who went for PSV after Feyenoord declined the invitation. This upset Go Ahead Eagles and NEC who argued they had first claim to a place, both having floodlit grounds and standing above PSV in the league.

Den Haag have been asked to lay definite plans before the KNVB on which a decision to go ahead or not will be taken.

BRIAN BIRCH reports from TURKEY

FESTIVAL MATCHES ARE FUN

THE "Big Three" of Turkish football, Fenerbache, Besiktas and Galatasaray have not been idle in the last month, and although this period of the year is officially termed "mid-season break" nothing could be further from the truth. In this forty-five day break we have seen some great football. But the big news this month must be Galatasaray's defeat of the Rumanian national side that included eight of the full "Nations Cup" side.

Boto-Fogo, Brazil, also flew into Istanbul for a couple of games, one against Fenerbache, the other against Besiktas.

Over forty thousand people turned up to see Jairzinho plus ten others play in this game and they were not disappointed. Plenty of thrills and, of course, some wonderful individual performances. Playing holiday style football that hides a nasty bite, the Brazilians entertained as only they can. Jairzinho and centre forward Ziachino (a very talented boy) were particularly outstanding. But it was Fenerbache who scored the goals. Osman in the first half and Cesmi and Ostoyvic in the second, gave Fenerbache a great 3-0 victory.

The following day the Brazilians redeemed themselves a little when they proceeded to give Besiktas a football lesson to the tune of three goals to one. But with prices doubled in order to pay the expenses of this very fine side only half the expected crowd turned up for this one.

Publicity campaign

But if this week belonged to Fenerbache then the following week surely belonged to Galatasaray. The Rumanian national side arrived in Istanbul behind what must have been the biggest publicity campaign in Turkish football history. For a week we were swamped with the merits of this very fine side . . . victories against Wales, Finland and Czechoslovakia finally finishing at the top of their European Championship group is quite a good record in anybody's book. The fans of Galatasaray waited patiently to see how their team would fare against such a team.

Twenty-two players made up the party that was to take part in two games. The first would be against Fenerbache. The second against Galatasaray.

On the Saturday, Fenerbache could not produce the form that had sent the Brazilians packing and had no answer to the superb techniques of these wonderful ball artists. They were soon one goal down when Iordenescu went by three Fenerbache defenders and pulled the ball back from the dead-ball line for Dumitrache, who sold a beautiful dummy letting the ball run through for Lucesku to score at his ease. A superb goal.

Harmless cross

But we had to wait until the closing minutes for the second and final goal, but what a goal it was. Fenerbache goalkeeper Yavus gathered a harmless cross and threw the ball out to Osman who was standing abouty thirty-five yards out. Osman failed to control the ball and left fullback Kretu was on to it in a flash. Without steadying himself Kretu hit the ball from fully thirty yards. It hit the net before poor old Yavus could get back to his line.

As an observer at this game I felt we would have to play above ourselves at Galatasaray if we were to take this side, although I thought Dumitrache looked a bit jaded on this particular occasion. The following day he was left out of the line-up. Someone else must have had similar thoughts on this boy.

A crowd of 30,000 welcomed both sides as they came out. It was rather cold and a little drizzle was falling, making conditions ideal for the players but, maybe a little uncomfortable for the spectators.

Rumania were soon into their stride, stroking the ball about with uncanny accuracy. Nunweiller, Dinu and Dembrovski in mid-field were beginning to dominate proceedings. But suddenly the whole game came alive as Galatasaray's centre forward Memhet intercepted a pass intended for fullback Kretu and went through on his own. Only a brave piece of goalkeeping from Stefan saved this situation. This one thing, above all others, I'm sure changed the course of the game. Confidence now seemed to ooze from the Turkish champions as they began to string their passes together, taking the initiative away from the Rumanian mid-field. Ten minutes from the interval the vital blow was struck. Ahmet, mid-field, and a very strong running player went through on his own, passing Macanu and Kretu on the way.

From about twelve yards out he shaped up to shoot but was pulled down from behind by Kretu who had been losing ground all the way. The referee could only make one decision . . . penalty. Tuncay put the kick to Stefans' right and Galatasaray went one up. In the closing stages of this first half the Rumanians threw everything forward in an attempt to equalise but the Galatasaray defence held out to a man.

In the second half it was cut and thrust from both sides and we were privileged to see some of the finest football ever seen in this city. Both sides played as if their lives depended on it. Twice Yasin, the Turkish keeper saved what looked like certain goals for Rumania, but it was no different at the other end as Stefan covered himself in glory with some splendid saves.

Fantastic scenes

Both Ahmet and Memhet went close in the closing minutes. In fact young Memhet had the ball in the net after a great run but the referee ruled a colleague offside. As the whistle went for the end of the game fantastic scenes developed with people singing Galatasaray's battle song, others dancing on the field. What a sight it was. What a result for Turkish football. Not a bad scalp for me, either.

These Rumanians are good. Make no mistake about that. They control the ball with a skill that far surpasses anything I have seen in England. But maybe this is also their downfall. For at times they seem to be obsessed with possession and not with positive action. This leads to some very negative play. But one or two of these players really got to me. This boy Dobrin, who had stepped into the centre forward spot for the jaded Dumitrache, now he is really something. Some of the things he does with a ball are simply not on.

At the back they are very strong. They deny space as though it is on ration. In mid-field they tend to overdo it a bit but they pass a ball with killing accuracy. . . . Nunweiller, Dembrovski and Dinu are quite a trio. Up front along with Dobrin we had Uifaleanu and Lucesku, the captain. Two fine players who are artists at finding space where seemingly there is none to be had. After the game I was asked by the press "if you could buy one of the Rumanian players, which one would you go for". Without hesitation, I replied, Dobrin. I would pay any price for this fellow. Of course he is not available, but I can dream can't I?

Galatasaray: Yasin, Ekrem, Musaffer, Tuncay, Aydin, Alcay, Ayhan, Ahmet, Metin, Memhet, Uger.

Rumania: Stefan, Kretu, Lepesku, Mokanu, Anka, Dinu, Uifaleanu, Dembrovski, Dobrin, Nunweiller, Lucesku.

MAX MARQUIS

One of England's most respected football writers joins the World Soccer team

PARIS-ST. G ITS DEBT T

FANATICS usually make uneasy company. Guy Crescent, 51-year-old president of the Paris-Saint Germain Football Club, is a pleasant exception. Despite a granite face and a somatimes forbidding gaze, Crescent is as courteous as only a gentleman who has nothing to prove can be. Crescent's mixture of determination and mountain-moving faith has resulted, quite simply, in the creation overnight—in football terms— of a new Parisian football club, now playing in the French First Division. It is Paris proper's only Division I team. To understand the measure of the achievement, it is necessary to know something of the immediate history of French football. Probably the most significant fact is that—incredibly—two clubs folded in the capital: Stade, and the prestigious Racing Club de Paris, whose foundering was as inconceivable as the Titanic's.

Racing Club were a multi-sport organisation with practically everything except cricket among their activities. When the football club sank without trace, it was as unthinkable as would be the failure of Manchester United or Arsenal. And the sinking was literally without trace. Their stadium, the Parc des Princes, has been obliterated by a motorway.

Paris has a population of some 2,600,000. This is two and a half times Birmingham's, four times Liverpool's, and almost five times Manchester's . . . and for a while it was without a single First Division team! (Red Star are in the Greater Paris area. It stands in relation to Paris proper something like Watford to London.)

Devoted

Certainly France's interest in football is less devoted than England's, and some other European countries. Nevertheless, France is not entirely without football history. France staged the 1938 World Cup, took part in the 1954 final tournament in Switzerland, was third in Sweden in 1958, and again qualified for the final tournament in England in 1966.

In the European Nations Cup, France trounced England 5—2 in Paris in 1963, to reach the quarter-finals; and again reached the quarter-finals in the 1966-68 tournament.

Not exactly setting the Seine *en feu*, perhaps; nevertheless, surely not meagre enough to kill interest in football by boredom.

In fact, one of the things that made soccer sag in France was money. Not the usual lack of it which afflicts us all, but too much of it . . . for the players. According to many observers, footballers never had it so good. They were handsomely paid, but hard training was anathema to them.

It showed. Spectators did, and still do, stay away from what they found was a distasteful sight: people being paid too much for doing too little, and doing even that little indifferently.

Even today, when the moving finger has long since been busy on the wall, there are some footballers who refuse to see the message. Still, at least French football is on its way up from its nadir of 1965. It really seemed then that the general disillusion and the national team's lack of success and morale was going to lead to all professional football dying with its boots on. The names of Paris, Marseille, Lille, Toulouse and other cities disappeared from the list of First Division clubs.

Fortunately there were enthusiasts like Crescent and Liberal-minded municipalities who helped give the towns their clubs again.

Certainly the capital could not be left without a club. In 1969 the French Football Federation set up a study group which came up with the monumentally unsurprising conclusion that the Parisian public *did* want a club. Racing Club, of course, were in their grave and were unavailable for comment.

Ambition

So, Paris FC were formed, with financial support from the municipality, which may not have known much about football, but knew a great deal about maintaining the capital's prestige. The club had the unbridled ambition of immediately running in Division I without trying its legs at a walk. Rather late in the day Paris FC were told by the Federation that only if they merged with Sedan could they leap in at the deep end.

On the face of it, this would be a fairly attractive deal for Sedan. Yet despite the weighty financial consideration that Paris already had 15,000 subscription-paying *associés—associate* members, similar to some Vice-Presidents' Clubs here—Sedan decided not to merge.

So, Paris FC nearly managed the very considerable trick of crashing fatally before ever leaving the drawing board. However, the *associés* put on pressure and Paris merged with Saint Germain instead. Paris-Saint Germain swallowed their larger ambitions and entered the Central Section of the National League. This is France's equivalent of our Divisions II-IV, and, like Gaul, is divided into three (geographical) parts.

They had a rough first year on some pitches of primitive quality, playing some teams of primitive tactics, in front of some primitive-minded and hostile crowds suffering from the universal anti-capital provincial paranoia. But leadership and character triumphed: Paris-Saint Germain won the championship of their section, and were promoted to Division I.

Ultra-modern

The monomanic driving force behind all this was Guy Crescent, variously president and vice-president of the club. His own assessment of the achievement: 'It was an act of faith.'

In the interim, Paris-Saint Germain have commonly become known as Paris-S.G., and before long the 'S.G.' will regress and finally drop off. But that cannot happen until after this season, for oddly enough, the club formed to give Paris proper its own team play outside the city, sharing the Saint-Ouen stadium with Red Star.

However, Paris-S.G.'s real home, the marvellous new Parc des Princes, an ultra-modern 50,000-seat stadium, is fast nearing completion near the Porte d'Auteuil, inside the city boundaries. It will also be France's Wembley, for the Cup Final and international matches will be played there.

Among other refinements, like no view-restricting pillars, for example, are thoughtful innovations such as different coloured seats in the different blocks

. GERMAIN AND
T TO CRESCENT

Paris-St. Germain. Back row, left to right: Djorkaeff, Rostagni, Solas, Delhumeau, Arribas, Leonetti, Mitoraj. Front: Bras, Proet, Guignedou, Hallet.

with tickets printed in the colour of their corresponding seats for easy identification.

Before the first franc was taken at the turnstiles this season, Paris-S.G. could count on some £200,000, made up of £70,000 subsidy from the Paris Municipality; £30,000 from subscriptions and tickets; the rest from gifts from local industry and business, and other fund-raising activities.

The French don't miss any opportunity of turning an honest franc—to the point of selling advertising space on players' jerseys. English eyes would blink at the sight of the name of a soft drink on Manchester United's shirts; but this sort of thing is commonplace in France. (Frankly, if it is congruous to have advertising on cyclists' shirts and racing cars' sides, and it helps football survive, there is no valid objection to it.)

In any case, it is all part of the incomprehensibility of French football finances, which is emphasised by Crescent's declaration that for Paris-S.G. to break even in their first season in Division I they need an average gate of about 6-8,000!

Whitewash

By English standards, of course, this wouldn't keep a club in grass seed and whitewash. Nevertheless, to be sure of crowds of even 6-8,000 in the French First Division a team needs a certain degree of success. After a moderately bright start, Paris S.G. have inexorably slipped to 17th of 20, with only 19 points from 26 games—and the possibility of relegation is a growing shadow.

Monaco, with the same points as Paris-S.G. have an average home gate of less than 3,000! Last week Angoulême had a gate of 1,755 for their game with Reims. Perhaps Crescent has given his club a sort of Manchester United-instant appeal, for Paris-S.G. have an average home gate of nearly 11,000 (making them 5th in the attendance table).

French admission prices are generally higher than in England: the average income is about £700 per 1,000 spectators; and the playing staffs are nothing like as large as English clubs. So the break-even gate for a French club is much lower.

Financially, then, Paris-S.G. are probably sound, and the move to the new Parc des Princes, where transport accessibility and conditions are better, should reinforce that soundness.

The money is there; now it is up to the players, as it always is, in the final analysis. It is unthinkable that Paris should be without a First Division side again after a single season, and with the best stadium in France in the capital. Experienced observers say that Paris-S.G. have enough basic playing talent to avoid relegation, and they deserve to.

If they don't, Crescent certainly does.

Congo—Brazzaville win Nations Cup

THE dislocated finger of Sudanese goalkeeper Zugbeir played a dramatic part in the strange sequence of events that led to Congo-Brazzaville winning the eighth African Nations Cup, after at one stage facing almost certain elimination. For in Zugbeir's absence the Congolese hauled themselves off the floor, survived the quarter-finals on a lottery, and beat the hosts and favourites Cameroon in the semi-finals before going on to take the trophy.

The championships began with a colourful ceremony reminiscent of the scenes in Mexico, when hundreds of balloons were released at the Aztec Stadium. In Africa, we had not only balloons but vast quantities of fireworks as Cameroon's President Ahmadou Ahidjo declared the finals open in front of a 40,000 crowd in the brand-new stadium named after him.

The eight finalists were divided into two groups, with the Cameroon side kicking-off in the first match against Kenya. Cameroon won 2—1, but struggled to keep their lead in the second half, when Kenya might plausibly have been awarded a penalty kick after a spectacular shoulder charge on their centre-forward by a Cameroon defender.

Valuable

Still, for Cameroon it was two valuable points, all the more valuable because the other sides in their group, Mali and Togo, had to settle for a 3—3 draw. Mali were expected to win, but the Togolese never gave up, fighting back from 1—0 down to 1—1, and again from 3—1 to 3—3.

Meanwhile in the second new stadium built for the finals, at Douala, Morocco and Congo-Brazzaville drew 1—1 in a mediocre match that did nothing to suggest that Morocco had actually played in the finals of the last World Cup, or that the Congolese were to win the African tournament. However Morocco were perhaps fortunate to draw with a long-range shot from Faras.

Later that evening Sudan, the 1970 Champions, met Zaire, formerly Congo-Kinshasa, in a superb match that might have gone either way. Sudan led 1—0 for much of the match, but Zugbeir, perhaps the best keeper on the continent, dislocated a finger in fruitlessly attempting to stop the equaliser. In the few minutes we saw of him, Zugbeir's replacement, El Masri, looked decidedly shaky; an ill-omen for Sudan's chances of survival.

Back in Yaounde, Mali dropped another unexpected point against Kenya, whose wing-half Aluko broke through to score, catching the Mali defence unprepared. Mali fought hard for the equaliser, but it was only late in the second half that Togo saved them a point.

Cameroon had equal difficulty disposing of Togo, for after an hour's play the score was still 0—0, and Togo, if anything, had had the better of the exchanges. But in the last period of play, goals by Joseph and the Cameroon's captain, de Mve, ensured them of a place in the semi-finals.

Docile encounter

In Douala the first of two matches held on the same day produced yet another draw, Sudan 1, Morocco 1, with Faras once again saving the game for the Moroccans. Then in a meeting of the two Congolese sides, expected to be bitterly fought but which in fact proved a quite docile encounter, Zaire beat Congo-Brazzaville 2—0. So clear-cut was their victory, that it seemed inevitable that Zaire and Morocco would qualify from this group.

In Yaoundé, Kenya and Togo drew 1—1, a result that suited Mali, who now needed only one point from their last game against Cameroon to be sure of a semi-final place. At one stage they seemed in with a chance of both points, because their centre-forward Fantamady scored a quite brilliant acrobatic goal, twisting in mid-air, following a meticulous cross from Diakité on the stroke of half-time. However in the second half, Cameroon were given a penalty following alleged hand-ball by a Mali defender, the Egyptian referee Mostafa Kamel pointing to the spot, after consultations with a linesman whose proximity to a hostile crowd seemed rather more substantial than his distance from the incident in question.

The Mali captain Kidiane Dallo picked the ball out of the back of the net after Lea had scored from the spot, and marched with it ominously towards the dressing-room tunnel. It was only after hurried consultations with some Mali officials that he evidently changed his mind and decided to continue the game. The Malian grievances were increased when their star player, Salif Keita, was kicked on the leg and had to go off, and even more so when his substitute, Chek Daillou, was sandwiched between two defenders and the referee waved play on.

However against that Cameroon were refused a goal when Moutè centred and Lea's shot seemed to cross the line before it was cleared, and Joseph, the Cameroon striker, shot straight at the Mali keeper from point-blank range seconds before the final whistle.

Three points

Meanwhile in the Douala group Zaire led with three points, followed by Morocco and Sudan with two and the same goal difference, and Congo-Brazzaville with one—and seemingly out of the running. Zaire and Morocco figured in yet another 1—1 draw, Faras opening the score with a superb shot past the Zaire keeper, Kazadi, only for Mayanga to head the equaliser. In the last minute Morocco almost won the match with a lob past the goalkeeper, but Kazadi reached the ball with his fingertips, turning it round the post for the save of the competition.

So Morocco had to settle for their third draw in a row, and it looked odds-on Sudan beating Congo to steal second place behind Zaire, now assured of qualifying. But Sudan with El Masri in goal had feet (or hands) of clay, and their defence always looked jittery. After half an hour Congo led 2—0, Jean-Michel M'Bono, called the "Sorcerer", heading the first and M'Pele—no relation, I'm sure—hitting the second from 30 yards.

Interval

The Sudanese rallied with a goal from Walad in the 37th minute, and by half-time they were level, the Congolese full-back Ngassaki turning a shot from Kamal past his own, luckless keeper. But after the interval, the Congo came again: Bember, who has an uncanny resemblance to Tostao, put them ahead 3—2, then M'Bono scored his second goal after El Masri had allowed a M'Pele shot to slip from his grasp.

That left the Congo and Morocco level on points and goals, but when the organising committee drew lots later that night, it was Congo who came out of the hat, leaving the Moroccans to depart for home undefeated. But it still looked like the end of the line for

AFRICAN NOTEBOOK by ROGER MACDONALD

the Congo, compelled as they were to make the arduous journey from Douala to Yaounde for the semi-finals, replacing the sad little Togolese team in a drab hotel in the suburbs, while their opponents, Cameroon, luxuriated in the best hotel, where they were treated to a German film covering highlights of the World Cup from 1954 to 1970.

On paper, Cameroon were certain to win; but they did not play on paper. The Congolese began cautiously, but gathered confidence minute by minute as it became clear the Cameroons were well below their best form. Indeed so poor were their forwards that Lea, the star winger, was taken off in the 35th minute and replaced by Moutassie. Only the Cameroon free-back, Nbend, seemed in proper touch—and he almost scored early in the second half, breaking through a crowded penalty area. But with only the keeper to beat he struck the post, and flashed the rebound six inches wide and three Congolese defenders flung themselves in a desperate attempt to save. Nbend was so annoyed at being put off his shot that he kicked one of them brutally on the ground, and was fortunate not to be sent off.

Roof of the net

But retribution came swiftly for the Cameroon. Congo's defensive wing-half Minga moved up with the attack, and let fly unexpectedly from 20 yards. Mbengaluck, seeing the ball late, flung himself through the air, but the ball evaded his searching fingers and struck the roof of the net. Try as they could, Cameroon could not save the game, and the crowd departed weeping at the defeat of their favourites.

Mali gambled on resting Salif Keita in the second semi-final, and the gamble came off, for they beat Zaire 4—3 after extra time. So Mali came through to meet Congo-Brazzaville in the most unexpected of finals.

The two teams favoured to dispute the final, instead played off for third place, Cameroon beating Zaire 5—2 in a dramatic match. Cameroon took a quick lead from a generous penalty awarded by referee Maghrebin Lamptey, but two goals from Mayanga enabled Zaire to go 2—1 up in the 15th minute. Then came an avalanche of goals for Cameroon, four in 11 minutes, by N'Dongo, Owona, Mouthe and N'Doga, with the home attack finding their touch too late.

The final, watched by a disappointingly small crowd, now that Cameroon themselves were out of the running, proved equally dramatic. Salif Keita returned for Mali, but after some early dangerous runs, was tackled fairly but hard, and his knee went again. After he had hobbled off, Mali's spirits were low, but were quickly raised by a superb goal from Diakité in the 41st minute, a shot to the top corner that would have done credit to Bobby Charlton at his best.

Salif Keita of Mali.

First kick

But Congo had a trump card to play. A goal down at half-time, they brought on M'Bono in the 58th minute, and he scored with his very first kick. Two minutes later, M'Bono centred marvellously on the run for Metongo to hit the second; then, another three minutes on, M'Pele slipped two defenders to score the third. Mali's substitute Moussa Traoré, reduced the score to 3—2, but it was too little, too late.

So the African Champions are Congo-Brazzaville after one of the most fascinating championships of all. The Cameroon, widely favoured to take the title, had to be content with third place. All they won last month was the African beauty contest, which went to Miss Elsie Ikomah. She earns a free trip to Paris on Cameroon Airways. Pity she doesn't play football. . . .

AFRICAN NATIONS' CUP GROUP MATCHES:

Cameroon 2, Kenya 1
Mali 3, Togo 3
Cameroon 2, Togo 0
Mali 1, Kenya 1
Cameroon 1, Mali 1
Kenya 1, Togo 1.

Congo* 1, Morocco 1
Zaire 1, Sudan 1
Morocco 1, Sudan 1
Zaire 2, Congo 0
Zaire 1, Morocco 1
Congo 4, Sudan 2.

*Congo-Brazzaville; Congo-Kinshasha are now called Zaire.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Cameroon	3	2	1	0	5	2	5
Mali	3	0	3	0	5	5	3
Kenya	3	0	2	1	3	4	2
Togo	3	0	2	1	4	6	2

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Zaire	3	1	2	0	4	2	4
Congo	3	1	1	1	5	5	3
Morocco	3	0	3	0	3	3	3
Sudan	3	0	2	1	4	6	2

Congo and Morocco having the same number of points and identical goal difference, lots were drawn in favour of Congo.

SEMI-FINALS

Congo 1, Cameroon 0
Mali 4, Zaire 3 (after extra time).

THIRD PLACE MATCH:

Cameroon 5, Zaire 2.

FINAL:

Congo 3, Mali 2.

BERLIN WA
OBVIOUS C

ANY suggestion that the West German Football Federation have deliberately switched the European Championship quarter-final tie to Berlin, in order to cut down on England's travelling support, can be dismissed as ill-founded gossip. The fact that English fans might have turned up in greater numbers had this match been allocated to Hamburg, for instance—by packing the boats—is pure speculation. For a start, Hamburg was never considered as a likely venue, simply because Germany's last game was staged there on November 17, against Poland.

Now it is the turn of West Berlin, which last organised an international just two years ago. Furthermore, the Berlin Soccer Federation are celebrating the 75th anniversary of its foundation and were presented with the meeting with England as a highlight of their festivities. Of the other possible venues, Munich are already staging the game v. Russia on May 26, which will inaugurate the new Olympic Stadium. The remaining big German grounds are currently being rebuilt in readiness for the World Cup finals of 1974. This series will incidentally be spread over the following centres, which have now been officially confirmed, as follows: Munich, Berlin, Hamburg, Düsseldorf, Dortmund, Gelsenkirchen, Stuttgart, Hannover and Frankfurt.

While German officials, including national manager Helmut Schön—who has never been known to utter boastful remarks—are sounding cautiously optimistic notes, before the battles with England on April 29 at Wembley and May 13 in Berlin, England's chief Sir Alf Ramsey has already expressed confidence in ultimate success. He was quoted as being convinced that not only will England defeat the Germans, but that his team will travel to Munich in 1974 as champions of Europe. Of course no manager—least of all Sir Alf—can afford to entertain or voice anything but optimism, but it was another part of his article reproduced from the *FA-News*, which aroused my interest: "Of one thing I am sure: This is a match in which every professional player in England would welcome the opportunity to play. The task facing those who do play is formidable. They will not have played as a team for five months, whilst, in their usual thorough and methodical way, our opponents will have been coached and trained to near perfection."

Well, I respect Sir Alf Ramsey and his views, but . . . I do wish he would abstain from copying those "experts" on International soccer who—for reasons best known to themselves—seem to be obsessed with the belief that every team England are about to tackle are always better prepared! If anybody should complain that England have not played since December 1, then here is a reminder that the Germans too, have not played since November 17, in fact.

If it is hinted that the German squad have had a three-day get-together in Frankfurt in February and then play a friendly in Hungary on March 29, then one can point to the Football League v. Scottish League match on March 15, which afforded Sir Alf Ramsey the opportunity of testing his candidates. Before the first leg quarter-final at Wembley the England team will have a full week in which to prepare—exactly the length of time at Germany's disposal, following their League programme of April 22.

Erwin Kremers of Schalke 04 . . . will be in the German squad for the match against England.

Conditions

A congestion of club fixtures and the possible strain on international stars could be just as acute in Germany where the ground conditions are much tougher than here and where more games have already been postponed than in our First Division, so far. The Germans often have to play on surfaces (ice, snow and slush) under which no English game would even be allowed to start! I well remember how the FC Cologne players laughed at Liverpool when the locals didn't want to play a European Cup tie, because there was snow on the pitch!

Remembering the ludicrous stories of the Swiss national team having "three-week commando-style training" and "spartan build-up", before meeting England last October, one can only hope that we shall be spared similar figments of imagination where the Germans are concerned. The *FA-News* could give a good lead here, by informing that the German preparations will not—and indeed cannot—be any longer or more thorough than England's. Incidentally, should the quarter-final scores be level, than the play-off will be on May 17 in Switzerland, probably at Berne's Wankdorf Stadium.

The last phase of the Championship will be allocated to one of the semi-finalists. England, Belgium and Italy have applied in this order to stage the semi-finals, the match for third place

S THE CHOICE

West German Newsletter from ARTHUR ROTMIL

and of course the Final. Therefore if England fail against Germany then it would be Belgium's turn—provided they eliminate Italy. On the other hand the Italians did organise the final series of the last competition in 1968, and would therefore hardly seem the choice for this tournament.

Not surprisingly, the Germans have now officially lodged their application for the finals, due to be held between June 14-18. But as they will already play hosts to the next World Cup series in 1974, it is debatable whether UEFA would accept Germany, who in any case must defeat England first, etc. etc.

The national side have already suffered a blow, when their best full-back and "Footballer of the Year" Berti Vogts, had to submit to a cartilage operation at the beginning of February and was expected to be out of action for at least two months. There was also a scare concerning Beckenbauer who has been wearing a protective knee-bandage —as a "psychological support", as Franz explained. Next winger Jürgen Grabowski has been labouring under a troublesome ankle injury and was forced to miss several games at the restart.

Overath (left) and Netzer:

First leg

In addition, Herbert Wimmer and Klaus Fichtel, those two important cogs in Germany's midfield machinery, had been laid off for three weeks with leg injuries which required a higher than usual quota of stitches. The biggest blow is undoubtedly the mishap to Berti Vogts, who is almost certain to miss the Nations Championship quarter-finals—or at least the first leg tie against England.

But there is better news of the other stars like the "general" Günter Netzer who has shown quite superlative form as has Gerd Müller, who will of course be one of Germany's key factors in both matches against England. This extraordinary goalgetter has slammed five goals in Bayern Münich's 7—0 thrashing of Rotweiss Oberhausen, to become the second player this season to achieve that total, after Klaus Scheer the 20-year-old Schalke hope.

Müller has—at last!—joined the exclusive band of men who, since the *Bundesliga* was founded in 1963, have scored five times in a match. The others are Karl-Heinz Thielen (Cologne, in 1963), Rudi Brunnenmeier (1860 Munich —1965) Franz Brungs (Nürnberg—1967) and Klaus Scheer (Schalke—1971). Müller is once more in the running for the "*Golden Boot*" award, presented annually by the German sports equipment manufacturers "Aidas" to the top scorer in European Leagues.

Of course, such a title is quite meaningless, if not farcical, simply because in some countries there are twice as many games played than in others. Therefore, a top goalgetter from say, England's First Division, should invariably top these rankings, since he performs in a total of 42 League matches per season! By comparison, a Norwegian striker who plays only 18 games a year can hardly hope to be elected Europe's "King of goal scorers"!

Squad

For the brief get-together of the national squad between February 27 and 29, at Hofheim/Taunus, (near Frankfurt) manager Helmut Schön called up 23 players, as follows: Goalkeepers—Maier (Bayern), Kleff (Gladbach) and Nigbur (Schalke); defence: Beckenbauer, Schwarzenbeck, Breitner (all Bayern), Fichtel, Rüssmann (both Schalke), Weber (Cologne), and Höttges (W. Bremen); midfield and attack: Wimmer, Netzer, Heynckes (all Gladbach), Overath, Flohe (both Cologne), Lütkebohmert, Libuda, E. Kremers (all Schalke), Köppel (Stuttgart), Grabowski (Eintracht Frankfurt) Müller (Bayern), Held (Offenbach) and Neuberger (Bremen).

The most interesting feature of this selection is that 15 of these players come from the three top clubs of the moment: Schalke have the strongest representation with six men, followed by Bayern (5) and Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach (4).

Harmony

From the side which performed in the last international only the unfortunate Vogts is missing. It is clear that Herr Bundestrainer Schön intends to continue with his successful experiment of creating blocks from the same club to achieve maximum harmony and teamwork. This idea, which the Hungarians favoured with their great side of the 'fifties, found Confirmation in Germany's fine 3—1 victory over Poland in Warsaw last October, when the combination of Bayern/Gladbach gave a remarkable and easily the best display of the season.

The call up of six recruits from Schalke proves that the fine form of the *Bundesliga* leaders has not passed unnoticed.

LOAN RULE SHOULD STAY

A personal view by ERIC BATTY

THE practice of temporarily tranferring players from one club to another 'on loan' has recently come under fire and two well known and respected London managers, Bertie Mee of Arsenal and Orient's George Petchey have come out firmly against the practice.

As in all things there is an argument to be made against the transfer on loan arrangement and the points raised by Messrs Mee and Petchey are both valid. Nevertheless there are tremendous advantages within the present arrangement and even if the regulations were changed, clubs would continue to transfer players but in many cases add a 'buy back' clause to the deal that would retain the status quo.

Of course, it is true, as Mr. Mee stated, that managers are paid to back their own judgement. But no one is infallible and whatever Mr. Mee or anyone else says, there are certain things that can never be known until you get the player on your own training ground and in your dressing room. By observing a player in matches, managers should be able as Mr. Mee claims to tell whether the man can play; whether he has ability, has he got courage, a good shot, a weakness in the air or in his left foot.

League guarantee

On the basis of what he can learn from observation the manager should be able to form a speculative opinion about the player's value, but in these days when £200,000 transfer fees are fairly common—and I suspect about to become commonplace—I would like to see a Football League guarantee introduced on ALL transfers. This guarantee should cover all medical physical aspects of the player whose services are acquired and also give a SEVEN DAYS GUARANTEE OF MONEY BACK IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED!

This proposed guarantee might seem too revolutionary at first thought, but remember it forms an integral part of common law in certain situations today. And if you pay out £200,000 or anything like it, the purchaser is entitled to some kind of guarantee that he isn't buying a white elephant. Should a manager be foolish enough to pay £10,000 for someone who can't even kick a ball then his Directors have the power to sack him and may do so. But the big fees being asked and paid today put club directors in a position where, buying a mug, they can fire their manager but cannot recover their financial loss.

Important situation

Mr Petchey's comments about clubs who 'borrow a player to help fight a promotion or relegation battle also have some merit. But look at things the other way. If a manager is astute enough to realise that his club is about to enter or is already in, a critically important situation, he must try to do what he feels necessary. If he is smart enough to recognise his needs and shrewd enough to be able to spot the man he wants who is with a club that cannot give that player regular first team football and would be prepared to release him for a while, then that manager should get a bonus from his Directors. That, as Mr. Mee is reported to have said, is 'backing his own judgement' and also demonstrating a high degree of business acumen. He should be applauded, not criticised!

My reasons for suggesting a seven-day money back guarantee are more technical and involve points that perhaps only managers and coaches would fully understand. But looking at a player, there are so many things that can never be known for sure, and the only way to discover a players' true value is to have him for yourself for a while. One week should be quite enough, but buying a player purely on the basis of what one sees in match play is close to gambling, particularly when one considers the fees being paid today.

The really difficult questions involve points like these:

1. Is the player talented but unintelligent in a football sense—which is in no way related to academic intelligence. There is only one way to find out and that is to get him on the training ground, talk to him and ask him to do things with team-mates AND WATCH HIS RESPONSES.

2. Could the player—good though he may obviously be—perhaps be even better in another position or playing another role? This could add considerably to his value. But for example, if his present manager insists that he stay up-field as a striker, we may only discover that he could perhaps be 'great' in a free, mid-field role by letting him play there.

3. This is perhaps the most important point of all. Watching a player we can see his strengths and weaknesses. He will be specially good at some things, and good at others, but he may also have problems or weaknesses. These weaknesses could perhaps be overcome by good coaching, by getting him to practice or train in a certain way. But, and this is a big but indeed, we have no sure way of knowing whether this player has been subjected to the influence of a good coach for maybe ten years between the ages of 12 and 22 or whether he has never met a really good coach in his life!

Good manager

We could perhaps help him very considerably if he has never been coached but on the other hand if he is 'un-coachable' as some are, that is another matter.

These points and many more are what the top grade managers consider before they buy. They also think very carefully before they agree to transfer on loan, one of their players. A good manager will consider what kind of club, what kind of back-ground his player will be subjected to, before he agrees to release him. He would not want a talented and promising player loaned to a team of kickers for example or a club where the coaching is primitive or even non-existent.

Above all, whether the open 'loan' system remains or goes is of little consequence. Players have always been lent to other clubs on the understanding that they can be called back at any time, but for the good of the game it is best that these deals be made in the open and not under cover.

Italy v Belgium - European Championship preview by JACK ROLLIN

Goethals says it will be tough!

IF you go by past form to do your football pools, then Italy must be a reasonable banker for one home win and a scoreless draw away. For in ten previous meetings between the two countries, the Belgians have won only once and lost the other nine.

It is ten years since they met each other when Italy won 3—1 in Brussels. The time before that was in the World Cup of 1954 when on neutral Swiss territory the Italians again triumphed by a 4—1 scoreline.

Though both Belgium and Italy qualified for the final stages of the 1970 World Cup, it was the Italians who went on to reach the final and the last memorable match with Brazil. Moreover it is the Latin side who are currently holders of the European Championship.

Raymond Goethals, the Belgian team manager, is quite philosophical about the pairing with Italy. He said: "Obviously it is not a good one. Italy, with England, Germany and Russia are the four giants left in the competition. But which of them would be good for us?"

Defeat

He certainly has a point about that. And he goes on to say. "There were 32 teams at the start of the competition and we are among the last eight. In order to get any further we have to beat the holders and then the 1966 World Cup finalists."

Put like that the Belgian hopes must be pretty minimal. But closer examination of results over the last year makes it less of a certain defeat for them against Italy.

Belgium's record in 1971 stood equal comparison with the Italian one. Belgium won all three home matches 3—0 v. Scotland, 3—0 v. Portugal (both in the European Championship) and 1—0 v. Luxembourg in a friendly. Away they beat Luxembourg 4—0 and Denmark 2—1 in another Championship tie, drew 1—1 with Portugal to clinch a place in the last eight of it and lost only to Scotland 1—0 in the same tournament.

For their part the Italians started off the year badly by losing a friendly in Sardinia 2—1 to Spain. They won 2—1 in the Republic of Ireland in the European Championship, drew 0—0 away to Sweden in the same tournament before beating Mexico 2—0 at home in a friendly. Their last two European Championship ties at home saw them beat Sweden 3—0 and draw 2—2 with Austria.

Since the new year dawned they have played a match in Greece when they lost 2—1; another disappointing result in view of the fact that only a couple of weeks beforehand the Greeks had lost 5—0 at home to Holland.

The big trouble with the Italian side is that they are now quite an ageing combination with too many of them near or over the 30 mark. The older hands like Tarcisio Burgnich, Sandro Mazzola, Dino Zoff, and Giacinto Facchetti have little trouble it seems in keeping their places. There is nothing basically wrong with a team of experience—except of course when the results are not forthcoming.

Perhaps it would be wrong to read too much into the Greek game after all the Italians began 1971 in similarly ignominious form. Defensively they will give little away as usual and if the three pronged spearhead of Mazzola, Roberto Boninsegna and Luigi Riva can produce top form they can cause as many problems to opposing defences as any side left in the competition.

Missing from the match with Greece was Gianni Rivera and the one-time golden boy and midfield ace of Italian football could still play his part in the latter stages of this competition.

Liberal

Don't run away with the notion that the Belgians are spring chickens either. They have a liberal sprinkling of senior citizens of football in their ranks. Leon Semmeling the Standard Liege winger is 30, Anderlecht right back Georges Heylens around the same vintage and Paul Van Himst is in his late twenties.

Goethals is probably going to stick to picking his nucleus from Standard, Anderlecht and Bruges. Raoul Lambert currently leading scorer in Belgium will probably win the centre forward spot and in midfield the combination of Wilfred Van Moer and Erwin Van den Daele if available could produce better control than the Italians.

In defence centre back Nico Dewalque is a strong figure and his Standard colleague in goal Christian Piot seems to have made the No. 1 slot his permanent berth.

On balance the Italians must have the edge in defence if only for the domestic experience which has been inbred into their play. Also their attack should have the greater pull particularly in an economical sense of making the most of little opportunity. But in midfield the Belgians could gain some measure of command if Van Moer is fit enough again for international duty after injury. Whether this will be sufficient advantage to turn superiority in this department into goals is another matter.

The Italian skipper Facchetti is not taking the tie lightly. "It would be fatal to underestimate the Belgians," he has cautiously opined. "They will pose problems that will have to be solved."

In five matches on Italian soil, the home country has never lost to Belgium. It appears unlikely that the Belgians will even be able to manage a draw, but the key game is the one in Belgium. And faced with a situation where they will have to concentrate on not losing then the Italians must have a slight advantage.

In racing parlance, make it the Italians by a short head.

Paul Van Himst (right) of Belgium.

BRAZIL—AN EYE ON 1978?

by ROGER MACDONALD

DESPITE the prevarications of Italy and West Germany and the dogged refusal of England to take part, the Brazilian Independence tournament scheduled for this summer promises to be the best competition ever organised outside a World Cup —and with a far broader spectrum of competing nations.

In all, 20 countries will be playing in the tournament, from five continents, including an Asian side, a Central American selection and an African team—possibly Congo-Brazzaville, winners of the African Nations Cup. The competition will be organised into three qualifying groups, with the winners of each group going through to the finals.

Group One: Argentina, France, Colombia, Asian XI Central American XI.

Group Two: Austria, probably Belgium, Chile, Ecuador and an African XI.

Group Three: Yugoslavia, Peru Paraguay, Venezuela and Bolivia.

The three winners, expected to be Argentina, Belgium and Yugoslavia, will join Brazil, Uruguay, Russia, Scotland and Portugal in the final stages. Again the teams will be divided into two groups, so that each country is guaranteed three matches. The winners of each group meet in the final, with the runners-up competing for third place.

Although Brazil have strong political motives in wanting the tournament to be a success, the CBD will be putting even more effort into it than usual, for a rather longer-term objective. For FIFA are becoming increasingly anxious about the ability of Argentina to stage the 1978 World Cup, because their stadii have fallen into serious disrepair and the country's instability is such that there must be serious doubts about their capacity to hold so expensive a festival. Added to these fears is the growing feeling that ethically Argentina have no right to be considered for the position of hosts at all, following the unending series of disgraceful incidents that have marred their professional game during the past decade.

That being so, Brazil may well step in with an offer to organise the 1978 World Cup instead, following what will be the undoubted success of this summer's event. I would not be at all surprised if FIFA did not take the 1978 tournament away from Argentina at such a late stage that only Brazil would be capable of taking their place.

Raoul Lambert of Belgium—a probable starter in Brazil.

Transfer something

EVEN the legendary mad March hare must have looked comparatively sane in the seven carefree days that led up to the English League transfer deadline, when more than £630,000 changed hands for players good, indifferent and downright mediocre, bringing the total for the past 12 months to well over the £5 million mark.

But is there something inherently wrong with the system? Should this incredible spending-spree be prevented altogether? One man who believes it should is former Manchester United manager Wilf McGuinness, now sunning himself in Greece with Aris Salonika. In Greece transfers during the season are banned completely, and McGuinness feels that the game benefits as a result. "Managers are free to concentrate on improving teamwork, in the knowledge that none of their players is about to be whisked away by some richer club less skilful in finding their own talent"—he says, "and

Gottfried Fuchs —and a record hard to beat

THE death of Gottfried Erich Fuchs, known locally as Godfrey Eric Fochs, in Montreal at the age of 82 a short time ago, might seem of little interest to the world of football. But Fuchs established a scoring record in internationals that will undoubtedly never be broken—he scored ten goals against the Czarist Russia side in the 1912 Olympic Soccer Tournament at Stockholm.

Although the Russian team was particularly inept, Fuchs was no mean centre-forward; he was reckoned the best shot of his time. Born in May, 1889, he captained Karlsruher at the age of 21 when they won the German national championship in 1910, and he played six times for the international side between 1911 and 1913.

After the First World War Fuchs moved to Dusseldorf '99, whom he continued to play for until after his 35th birthday. Nothing more was heard of him until 1937 when the persecution of the Jews in Nazi Germany forced him to flee abroad. He ended up in Canada in 1951, spending his last years in peaceful retirement.

Antoniadis of Panathinaikos.

system— wrong?

there is no pressure from within one's own club to strengthen this and that position by plunging into the transfer market."

One can sympathise with McGuinness, who never really held the purse strings during his brief managerial career with United, while his successor Frank O'Farrell spent more than £330,000 in a matter of days on Buchan and Moore. But Greece is a country with a huge concentration of wealth, which is reflected in its football clubs—Panathinaikos and Olympiakos probably have more money to spend than the rest of the Greek First Division sides put together. Without the restrictions, these teams would lose their best players month by month.

Some MPs see a similar trend in British football, but ever since the abolition of the maximum wage, there has been an inevitable gravitation towards the richer clubs, who show no signs in diminishing in numbers. However much is spent in transfer fees, the five major cities of London, Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow seem perfectly capable of supporting at least two major clubs —a far more democratic situation than almost everywhere else in Europe, where the game is often dominated by a handful of sides—such as Ajax and Feyenoord in Holland.

Frantic buying

The greater the restrictions, the larger the temptation to spend money rashly. In Italy, for example, transfers are permitted only during the close season, with a further 'open' fortnight in November so that clubs can have second thoughts. Anyone who has seen the frantic buying and selling in these few weeks would shudder at the thought of any similar system in the British game—where, after all, even the latest huge amounts scarcely match the £440,000 spent by Juventus on Pietro Anastasi.

What I fail to understand is the argument that somehow transfers are an admission of defeat for a particular manager, because he has failed to find the ideal team at the start of the season; or that spending a large sum of money at the last possible moment is an abuse of power and resources. After all, players do not come on to the market at a conveniently early stage in the season—invariably only when the particular club concerned has given up hope of achieving promotion or preventing relegation—and much of the money spent is derived from gate receipts which, in their turn, reflect the drawing power of the club concerned. It is true that the richer get richer, but in the transfer market at least, the poorer become richer as well.

Manchester City general manager Joe Mercer showed that he had misgivings about the Marsh transfer when

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Keita —the 'Black Pearl'

Salif Keita pictured playing for St. Etienne in a match against Marseille. Right is Novi, Marseille's midfield player.

IF Francis Lee is the most explosive of the game's top strikers, the most subtle and skilful is the Malien inside forward Salif Keita, now in his fifth season with Saint Etienne. The leading scorer so far this season in France, as I write he lies six goals behind Lee in the race for the 'golden boot' but has six games in hand.

Twenty five years old, Keita is probably the best coloured inside forward to emerge in France since the legendary *Black Pearl*, Larbi Ben Barek. Unlike Ben Barek, who came originally from French Morocco, Salif Keita hails from Bamako in Mali and if he lacks something as an organiser or creator of chances, he more than makes amends with his finishing.

Unlike most regular goalscorers, however, Keita is slight, slippery, quick and subtle. He earns his goals like a ghost, appearing from nowhere with the instinct of a Greaves to pop up in the goalmouth and score with a flick of the foot. Throw in one or two headed goals and the rest of Keita's formidable and growing total of goals are made up of shots from around the 25 to 15 yard mark that bear a character all their own.

Slums

Keita learned his craft in the Bamako suburb of Ouaofobougou, a shanty town of shacks and slums. Football pitches did not exist, open spaces were miles away and Keita's home ground was the alleys and streets around his home. Even there, playing barefoot he became known to officials at the Football Association H.Q. in Bamako, and one day, Keita told me some time ago, "a man from the FA came to my home and invited me to join the Mali team to play in a tournament in Indonesia." This was the start of Keita's rise to fame and in Indonesia he wore football boots for the first time—provided by the FA.

Before the tournament was over, Keita had done enough to prove that here indeed was a star in the making and officials of Real Bamako, named after the legendary Real Madrid, had signed him on. This was Keita's first step up the ladder but such a small one it hardly mattered. Instead of playing in the hard, narrow streets purely for love, he played instead on the hard, bone-dry surfaces of clubs in the Malien First Division . . . training three evenings a week, after work and still doing it for love!

by

ERIC BATTY

Finally, when 21 years old he had made up his mind that he must go to Europe Living in a former French colony, the only European language he could speak was French so inevitably he chose France, scraping together the price of a one way air ticket to Paris. One of his closest friends in Mali advised him that Saint Etienne (the champions at the time) were the best club to join, and this was Keita's aim.

How he actually got to Saint Etienne seems almost unbelievable, but he told me himself that the story which went around at the time was perfectly true. He disembarked from the plane at Orly Airport, Paris and not knowing where the Saint Etienne ground was he did the logical thing—he got a taxi. The first taxi driver Keita approached just laughed, the second pointed out that it was nearly 500 kilometres away (300 miles) and said no. It took some time, searching for a taxi driver willing to take him and when he did it took an all night journey with Keita curled up asleep on the back seat.

Next morning, the taxi pulled up outside the Saint Etienne ground and the driver asked for the equivalent of £80. All Keita had was a few Francs, less than £1 and the Secretary of the Saint Etienne club paid the bill. It was one of the wisest decisions the man ever made in his life for Keita turned out to be worth more than his weight in gold.

Substitute

In his first season, the young Keita had difficulties to overcome. Even the French game seemed hard and quicker to him—and the pitches with grass, mud and even snow were all new. Even so he developed quickly, appearing in the first team often enough to score 12 goals in his first half season and in the Cup Final where Saint Etienne completed a double, Keita went on as substitute.

Keita's first full season in France was 1968-69 and brought him 21 league goals —enough to earn him 3rd place in the First Division scorers list. Improving all the time he hit another 21 in 1969-70 when Saint Etienne again took a Cup and League double, finishing 11 points clear of runners up Marseille in the league and beating FC Nantes 5—0 in the Cup Final.

Last season after a neck and neck race with Josip Skoblar, Marseille's Yugoslav international inside forward, Keita finished second in the French list with 42 league goals and had Skoblar not scored two more, Keita would have been the top scorer in Europe.

Goalscoring is Keita's 'thing', it's what he was born to do, but he is a creator of goals rather than a spearhead. His work is more like that of a sculptor 'making' goals, 'shaping' them rather than snatching them. His talents are for the connoisseurs of the game rather than the fans and if his skills are perhaps unsuited to the hurly burly of the game played in Britain and West Germany, this is our loss and France's gain; more of an indictment of English football rather than a criticism of Salif Keita.

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

POLAND COULD PROVE TOUGH

NEXT season will see a massive start to yet another World Cup qualifying competition. For the first time in twelve years England's national side will fight in preliminary groups, before making certain of a place among the sixteen finalists who must battle for the world title in West Germany in 1974. England last had to qualify in 1961 for the final series which was held the following year in Chile. For the 1966 final tournament this country, acting as hosts, did not have to participate in an eliminating contest, while in 1970 England went automatically to Mexico as holders of the trophy.

But in order to reach Germany—or as some of our pressmen either erroneously, or for the sake of expediency insist on referring to "Munich"—Sir Alf Ramsey's men will first have to remove Wales and Poland in their qualifying group. The Welsh "dragons could provide stiff opposition, but only if the English clubs show themselves generous enough to release all their internationals!

Practice

I know that the Football League and the clubs have promised to co-operate with the hitherto "underprivileged" home countries namely Wales, Scotland and Northern Ireland, who for years have had to beg for their star players—but whether such arrangements will be put into practice is quite another matter. Most English league clubs have a long record of paying lip service to the needs of those struggling international squads but have somehow frequently managed to avoid the issue at the time of asking.

Only recently have Derby County rejected the plea for the release of O'Hare and Gemmill for Scotland's trip to Brazil for the prestige-laden jubilee tournament. And who in Scotland has forgotten Peter Lorimer's extraordinary excursion to South Africa last summer, instead of playing for his country?

Tendency

England could find Poland quite a difficult hurdle to surmount, though the Poles' recent erratic form does not permit an accurate, long range assessment at this stage. Poland's results during the past year confirm a curious tendency for their performances to rise and fall inexplicably, but most likely the root of the problem is psychological rather than simply a product of their real potential. In other words, they have the right players—some of them among the finest in Europe—but the team as a unit has too often appeared to labour under some intrinsic and some imaginary "phobias".

1971 ended on a sour note, the narrow defeat v. Turkey at Izmir having upset the Polish soccer fraternity as if the world title had been at stake. After the remarkable draw with West Germany in Hamburg the fans clearly expected further successes and refused to acknowledge the inescapable fact that such a game, without any shred of influence on the final positions in this qualifying group, was hardly an inducement for the players involved. In addition, the end of the first half of the league season and the imminent closure for the long winter break had created an atmosphere of relaxation.

Victories

The summary of the year's performance shows an equal division into two wins—v. Switzerland 4—2 (a) and v. Turkey 5—1 (h); two draws—v. Albania 1—1 (a) and West Germany 0—0 (a); plus two defeats—West Germany 1—3 (h) and Turkey 0—1 (a). Not included are the three qualifying games for the Olympic tournament v. Greece 7—0(h) and 1—0 (a) plus v. Spain 2—0 (a), although these had been achieved with practically the full A-team. But these opponents were too weak and therefore such victories must not be allowed to obscure the overall picture. The question 'How good is Polish football?' cannot be answered without a searching analysis into this peculiar inconsistency mentioned earlier. And so are the feelings of the Polish soccer followers who having tasted success and then suffered failure are at the moment more disappointed than happy.

The new team manager, Kazimierz Gorski, had no qualms in fielding throughout the year no fewer than 30 players! Little wonder that he has been criticised in some quarters for not persevering with individual candidates, but most experts are agreed that the rejuvenation of the squad was long overdue. Gorski acted with courage and most of his selections have confirmed the necessity to discard old-established, but no longer competent, stars as well as provide openings for young and gifted discoveries.

The first veteran to be axed was the famous stopper Osiizlo (Górnik) whose successor and team mate Jerzy Gorgon (22) has already demonstrated his ability by obliterating the great Gerd Müller in Hamburg. Next to him the centre back Ostafinski (25) has displaced Wyrobek, whilst on the right flank of the defence Szymanowski (20) has taken over from Wrazy.

Impression

But Musial (23) too, has been tried and obviously the Poles have managed to discover some fine and younger defenders. In attack the process of rejuvenation has been slower, though Lato (21) at outside left has made a good impression in Hamburg. And of course there is still Wlodzimierz Lubanski at centre forward and one of the most prolific goal scorers in Europe.

The Poles' most pressing engagement is to qualify for the Olympic tournament due in Munich next August. The biggest stumbling block appear to be the Bulgarians, who will also field their first team! Gorski has already called up a new squad for the two legs to be staged on April 16 in Sofia and the return at Wroclaw, on May 5. So for the moment at any rate, for the Polish footballing fraternity, Munich 1972 is more vital than "Munich 1974"!

Report from Northern Ireland from Colin McAlpin

Matches could still be played!

THE verdict on the Northern Ireland-Spain European Championship Cup tie—played at Hull City's Boothferry Park because of the 'troubles' in the Province—must, in terms of the money lifted and the people who attended, be a good one. In most respects, aside from the fact that the game itself wasn't really a good one due mainly to the Spanish insistence on dull, plodding defence, the experiment was a success.

But with the I.F.A., not surprisingly I suppose, still rubbing their hands over the financial returns one is left to ponder on the uncertain future of international matches involving the Northern Ireland side. And one is left to ask the very obvious question: how far has the I.F.A. gone in trying to get such games staged in Northern Ireland, rather than cart them around England and Scotland after the fashion of a travelling circus?

Hull, while it was generally agreed that the club did all in their power to make the game the success it was and who must be thanked for their support, was not the best of venues in that the supporter who fancied a trip was put off by the real difficulty of actually getting there from Northern Ireland.

If the national team is to play future games outside of Northern Ireland, though for the life of me I really cannot see why this should be the case, then it would surely be a good idea for the I.F.A. to select venues which can be reached with more ease. Liverpool, or even London, are the obvious places.

Important factor

But this is not what I want to discuss here. I want to discuss the obvious dangers of not seeking venues in Northern Ireland . . . where, let's face it, such games ought to be played.

Money is always an important factor in such a case, especially for the I.F.A. who need every penny they can lay their hands on, but more important, in my view, is the need to restore the national team to its proper place, in the area controlled by the I.F.A.

If Windsor Park is to be ruled out for the moment, though there is no concrete reason for such an assumption, then the I.F.A. ought to consider such venues as Ballymena, Coleraine, Portadown or Newtownards. I know they may not get the same financial return and I know that such grounds leave a lot to be desired in terms of international venues but surely the job of the I.F.A. is to stage games within is own area. Certainly it is not there to stage games in Hull, Aberdeen, Barnsley or Hetton-le-Hole.

Sponsored tournament

The Home Championship game against the Scots (whose new colours will probably be yellow) will be staged in Scotland. Well, of course, the I.F.A. had to do something to ensure the game's staging . . . but I contend that they have failed in their duty to insist that the game be staged here. I've said it before, but it remains worth repeating, there is NO reason why the Scots shouldn't come to Northern Ireland and there is equally NO reason why the I.F.A. should crawl all over the walls and floor in an effort to accommodate the Scots.

The new season in the Irish League will kick-off with a sponsored competition, thanks to Carlsberg. The brewery company announced that they have donated £4,000 for a pre-season tournament to be played by the 12 senior clubs. It's a remarkable show of faith by Carlsberg in the future of the game here and has been greeted, with some reservations, by the authorities.

£4,000 and you have reservations? Well yes, in a way! You see the prospect of the 12 clubs meeting in yet another straight knock-out competition has tended to leave the average fan, and a fair amount of clubs, totally indifferent.

In recent years several managers have expressed the opinion that the season is too long anyway, and that the clubs meet too often. Such a state of affairs tends to drive fans away. It's always been a major problem in the Irish League, of course, but it's a problem that cannot be helped much by the new competition.

I don't want to shoot it down. It was just what the ailing game needed, more money and something exciting to play for. My initial reaction when I attended the Press Conference announcing the Carlsberg sponsorship was one of delight. And in a way it remains one of delight . . . but I still wish something new was included.

Ideally the Carlsberg would have given those of us who support the idea of some form of all-Ireland competition—more all-embracing than the original, and excellent, Blaxnit Trophy for the I.F.A. and F.A.I. Cup semi-finalists—the opportunity of bringing League of Ireland (Republic of Ireland) clubs into the hat. But this, alas, seems to be out in spite of the fact that club games between the North and South have continued happily throughout the civil unrest.

New competition

So I would have thought the new competition, seeing as how it's a pre-season one, could have included some of the leading non-League clubs like Larne Town, Carrick Rangers, Dundela and Newry Town. If we cannot, for the moment, get our all-Ireland tournament then we ought to have an all-Ulster one!

Run along the lines of the Scottish League Cup, in sections and then in play-offs up to a final, the Carlsberg would certainly excite more people than it's doing at the moment. With clubs meeting at least four times in a season, and with the distinct possibility of them meeting six times, it would have been nice to see some new faces. Is it too late, I wonder, to make the change?

Dull and ordinary

It was encouraging to see so many spectators at the recent Portadown-Linfield Irish Cup game at Shamrock Park. Quite like old times it was! It's a pity the game itself didn't prove to be a better advertisement for the games. I suppose it was a question of Cup nerves but neither side managed to lift their efforts above the dull and ordinary.

But Portadown did go on to win with two goals from young Trevor Abderson, a player being spoken of freely as a star of the future. Indeed he is constantly in the transfer spotlight and will no doubt find his way to the English League before long.

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Scottish Angle by ALEX GORDON

SFA AGREES AND TOMMY IS HAPPY

SCOTTISH soccer history was made last month when the SFA finally agreed to take part in the mini-World Cup scheduled for Brazil this summer. You may find it difficult to believe, but this is Scotland's first visit to South America after 100 years as an International soccer force!

Manager Tommy Docherty carefully planned his way through an obstacle course in an effort to get the approval of the SFA on this trip and was finally rewarded for his dogged determination when they said "Yes" last month.

Although Scotland will not be able to field anything like their top side after call offs and so on, they will still be able to form a team that would not be disgraced in any standard of football. Players such as Archie Gemmill, John O'Hare, Jimmy Johnstone and Kenny Dalglish will not make the trip to Brazil for assorted reasons, but Tommy Docherty points out that the main thing is for Scotland to be represented in this tournament.

Experience

"We may not win any matches, but we will certainly gain in experience," is Docherty's simple philosophy. This tournament could see the major breakthrough for soccer in Scotland. For too long the Scots have given the impression that they are quite content to take a back seat while every other soccer nation moves with the times.

The progressive Mr. Docherty is, as we all know, not a man to be led by anyone. I'm sure you will agree his attitude is correct. He just doesn't want to be up with the leaders . . . he wants to be the leader!

It is perhaps ironic at a time when Brazil's soccer King Pele has quit his International throne that this tournament should also bring down the curtain on another King. I mean, of course, Denis Law, Manchester United's multi-talented ruler of the Old Trafford thousands.

"The babes"

It is almost certain that Law will make the trip to Brazil to end his career as a Scottish International player. Shortly after Docherty had accepted the post as £7,500 a year boss of Scotland he stated frankly and bluntly that players such as Denis Law were not in his team plans. His main target, he said, was the 1974 World Cup in Munich and to be successful in West Germany he would have to call in the babes.

This is quite understandable. Law is past 30 and although he has proved he can still perform with incredible ability, alertness and agility this season, Docherty could not afford to give him games and miss bringing in a youngster for vital experience. However, with the recent turn of events, Law now has the golden opportunity of waving a spectacular farewell to his International career.

And while Law bows out, this tourney will give several youngsters their big chance to establish themselves in front of Docherty. One of Law's Manchester rivals, Willie Donachie, of City, is one of the bright babes who promises to make the most of this trip.

Donachie has already impressed the Scottish fans in the few games he has played at left-back in the Under-23 side and team manager Docherty is the first to admit that there is a vacancy for a top-class full-back in the full International team. Donachie, only 20, could become one of Scotland's youngest International defenders in history if he takes this chance.

Create havoc

In the attack, Celtic's super-fast striker Lou Macari could stake his claim. A combination of Law's skill and Macari's speed could create havoc in any defence.

Willie Morgan knows all about playing beside Law, his Old Trafford team-mate, and he is another player who could get his opportunity in Brazil. Willie last played for Scotland against Ireland three years ago when a one-man show by Georgie Best sent Scotland hurtling to a 1—0 defeat at Dalymount Park. He can prove now that he is real International material.

There will be many more places for International hopefuls in Docherty's squad. He is likely to take a travelling party of around 16 for the two scheduled quarter final matches. If Scotland qualify they will play in the semi-finals and then, every Scot hopes, in the Final. That means a maximum of four matches in which the Doc can experiment with team plans and formations.

In this column last month I congratulated the SFA for their sudden interest in Scotland's International welfare. I do so again after the way they have conducted themselves in this matter. Everyone realises this tournament will come at a time when players may want to put their feet up and enjoy their brief summer holidays without casting a thought in football's way.

It also comes at a time when other clubs may be on tours which clash with the Brazilian dates. This has resulted in many of the withdrawals, but Scotland can still put a strong side on display. Tommy Docherty wanted desperately to go on this trip. Do you think he would have been so keen if he doubted he would be able select a team that would do Scotland proud?

The determination of the Doc was one of the major factors in the SFA agreeing to this trip and, at long last, Scotland seem to be going places. Finally, it seems, that the right leg knows what the left is doing!

The standard of competition in Brazil is incredibly high. European Nations Cup holders Italy will be there and the Italians are one of the teams the 'new' Scotland want to do well against. One of Scotland's worst drubbings out of many in the sad sixties was in Naples where they were teased, tormented and finally tortured to the tune of 3—0 in a World Cup qualifying match.

Final stages

That defeat has left a bitter memory in the minds of every last Scottish fan and to rub salt into the wounds Italy didn't even do well in the final stages after qualifying. I don't think any football supporter anywhere will forget the biggest shock result of them all in the 1966 World Cup in England . . . Italy 0, North Korea 1!

Another team who could meet a Scottish side determined to gain revenge for a World Cup knock-out is West Germany, who handed the Scots their exit cards in the 1970 qualifying section.

Uruguay will be there also to provide a stern test to any challenge from the Doc's men. These teams and others will make this trip more than worthwhile for Scotland. The conditions and climate will be invaluable experience to the young Scots.

So, well done Tommy Docherty. Or, after Brazil, could it be Bravo El Doc?

Post-war survey NORTHERN IRELAND by Eric Batty

CELTIC DEMI TRAGEDY

UNTIL the 1939-45 war, the Irish League was dominated by Linfield and Belfast Celtic with Glentoran always hovering in the background in case either of the giants should fail. The collapse and final disappearance of Celtic has perhaps been the greatest tragedy of the post-war game in Northern Ireland for they had a proud tradition and a good following.

With the demise of Belfast Celtic, it was perhaps inevitable that Linfield should reign supreme for a while and in the period under review they have taken the league title no fewer than twelve times. If Linfield also have an unassailable lead in terms of FA Cup victories—they have taken the Cup and League 'double' three times since the war—they certainly appear to have lost their grip on the knockout competition.

Meanwhile Glentoran stepped up into the breach left by Celtic to such effect that only in three campaigns since 1958 have 'outsiders' managed to wrest the championship away from the two leading contenders. Glenavon, Distillery and Derry City are this trio, but with Linfield and Glentoran each taking the title three times in the last six seasons and considering the totals of overall league successes there can be no doubt that these two are top dogs now.

But considering the present situation in Northern Ireland, with every aspect of life there disrupted, it seems unfair to single out these two clubs. It speaks volumes for the enthusiasm of everyone connected with football that in the present circumstances the game goes on. Indeed, it is perhaps the continuing existence of the little clubs that underlines the mini-miracle that soccer in Northern Ireland is demonstrating every week.

Unfortunately, the Irish game is, was and probably always will be, a 'feeder' league for English and Scottish football. The vast majority of the big professional English clubs have permanent full-time representatives in Northern Ireland, watching not only the senior clubs in the Irish League but also the youth clubs and schoolboy teams. Some of the best known players in English football today joined professional clubs straight from school at 15 years without ever kicking a ball in senior football in Northern Ireland. Two notable examples are George Best and Sammy McIlroy now with Manchester United.

These are but two of dozens of youngsters taken straight from school but many, many more become professionals in England and Scotland after developing their talents in the Irish League. Over the years, the list of *real* stars in this

TOP LEAGUE SCORER

	Goals
Walsh (Linfield)	28
McMorran (Belfast Celtic)	30
Jones (Belfast Celtic)	28
Simpson (Linfield)	19
Hughes (Glentoran)	23
Hughes (Glentoran)	23
Allen (Portadown)	23
Jones (Glenavon)	27
Hughes (Glentoran)	28
Jones (Glenavon)	32
Coyle (Coleraine)	20
Jones (Glenavon)	26
Jones (Glenavon)	33
Milburn (Linfield)	29
Milburn (Linfield)	26
Jones (Glenavon)	29
Thompson (Glentoran)	22
Lynch (Ards)	20
Meldrum (Distillery)	27
Thompson (Glentoran)	21
Guy (Glenavon)	19
Halliday (Coleraine)	19
Pavis (Linfield)	28
Pavis (Linfield)	25
Pavis (Linfield)	30
Hale (Derry City)	21
Dickson (Coleraine)	21
Hamilton (Linfield)	18

LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP SUCCESSES

Linfield	31
Belfast Celtic	15
Glentoran	14
Distillery	6
Glenavon	3
Cliftonville	2
Queens Island	1
Ards	1
Derry City	1

FA CUP VICTORIES

Linfield	29
Distillery	12
Belfast Celtic	8
Glentoran	8
Cliftonville	7
Glenavon	4
Ballymena United	3
Ards	3
Derry City	3
Crusaders	2
Shelbourne	2
Queens Island	2
Dundela	1
Coleraine	1
Willowfield	1
Bohemians	1
Ulster	1
Moyola Park	1
Gordon Highlanders	1

		P	W	D	L	Goals F.A.	Goals P
1945–46	Linfield	20	17	0	3	79.27	34
1946–47	Belfast Celtic	28	21	2	5	95.40	44
1947–48	Belfast Celtic	22	19	1	2	84.26	39
1948–49	Linfield	22	16	4	2	58.21	36
1949–50	Linfield (*)	22	17	4	1	64.27	38
1950–51	Glentoran	22	18	2	2	66.21	38
1951–52	Glenavon	22	17	3	2	67.19	37
1952–53	Glentoran	22	14	5	3	59.25	33
1953–54	Linfield	22	15	6	1	56.26	36
1954–55	Linfield	22	15	6	1	46.21	36
1955–56	Linfield	22	19	2	1	56.16	40
1956–57	Glenavon	22	16	3	3	71.22	35
1957–58	Ards	22	16	4	2	68.32	36
1958–59	Linfield	22	17	0	5	69.27	34
1959–60	Glenavon	22	17	1	4	67.28	35
1960–61	Linfield (**)	22	14	4	4	65.34	32
1961–62	Linfield (***)	22	14	3	5	62.32	31
1962–63	Distillery	22	13	5	4	57.30	31
1963–64	Glentoran	22	14	5	3	59.29	33
1964–65	Derry City	22	15	5	2	62.32	35
1965–66	Linfield	22	14	6	2	68.23	34
1966–67	Glentoran	22	14	6	2	67.35	34
1967–68	Glentoran	22	17	3	2	79.24	37
1968–69	Linfield	22	17	1	4	61.19	35
1969–70	Glentoran	22	14	6	2	46.17	34
1970–71	Linfield	22	18	2	2	58.16	38

Notes:
(*) After play off: Linfield 2 Glentoran 0
(**) After play off: Linfield 3 Portadown 2
(***) After play off: Linfield 3 Portadown 1

FC CUP FINALS

Linfield	3	Distillery	0
Belfast Celtic	1	Glentoran	0
Linfield	3	Coleraine	0
Derry City	3	Glentoran	1
Linfield	2	Distillery	1
Glentoran	3	Ballymena Ltd.	1
Ards	1	Glentoran	0
Linfield	5	Coleraine	0
Derry City	1	Glentoran	0*
Dundela	3	Glenavon	0
Distillery	1	Glentoran	0**
Glenavon	2	Derry City	0
Ballymena Utd.	2	Linfield	0
Glenavon	2	Ballymena Utd.	0
Linfield	5	Ards	1
Glenavon	5	Linfield	1
Linfield	4	Portadown	0
Linfield	2	Distillery	1
Derry City	2	Glentoran	0
Coleraine	2	Glenavon	1
Glentoran	2	Linfield	1
Crusaders	3	Glentoran	1
Crusaders	2	Linfield	0
Ards	4	Distillery	2***
Linfield	2	Ballymena Utd.	1
Distillery	3	Derry City	0

Notes:
* After 2–2 and 0–0 draws
** After 2–2 and 1–1 draws
*** After a 0–0 draw

DE MISE A

category is very formidable indeed, with Peter Doherty heading the list. In the 1930's he played for Blackpool and Manchester City, transferring to Derby County in 1945 and later playing with great distinction for Huddersfield Town. Known as 'Peter the Great' he was truly one of the world's greatest ever inside forwards.

Doherty's Irish club was Glentoran who have produced a 'team of stars' in the last twenty years . . . for export. Amongst their products are Danny Blanchflower (Tottenham Hotspur), Jimmy McIlroy (Burnley), Bertie Peacock (Glasgow Celtic), Alex Elder (Burnley) and Billy Bingham (now National team coach in Greece) who was once with Sunderland and Everton.

Johnny Crossan was Derry City's most travelled export, playing in turn for Sparta Rotterdam (Holland), Standard-Liege (Belgium) and Manchester City while other players well known in the international arena have been Harry Gregg (Manchester United goalkeepr) from Coleraine; Alf McMichael (Newcastle United) from Linfield and Wilbur Cush, produced by Glenavon and transferred to Leeds United.

Apart from George Best, Northern Ireland products currently starring with English clubs include Derek Dougan (Wolverhampton Wanderers), who is also Chairman of the Professional Footballers' Association; Arsenal full backs Pat Rice and Sammy Nelson and Middlesbrough inside right Eric McMordie. As long as the drain of talent away from Northern Ireland persists—and it is difficult to see an end to it—the game there will continue to struggle by comparison with more heavily populated parts of Europe.

●*Continued from page 38*

Linfield, who along with the vastly-improved Ports and Glentoran, were battling for the League Championship at the time, ended the day with an even bigger shock than their Cup exit. Their player-manager for just under a year, former Northern Ireland international Jimmy Hill, resigned for what he described as "personal reasons". Indeed Jimmy, the former Derry City boss who took over at Windsor Park from Billy Bingham when the latter went to Greece to manage that national side, had handed in his letter on the Wednesday prior to the game but didn't want anything announced until after it.

In recent weeks Jimmy, one of the nicest guys in the business, has had to suffer a lot of stick from Blues fans who felt his use of the substitute wasn't quite right. If this is the reason, and Jimmy isn't prepared to say one way or the other, then it's a sad loss. No man should lose his job because some thickhead fans think they know better than he does how to run the show.

While Linfield were bowing out of the Cup their old rivals Glentoran were also making their exit, at the hands of visitors Coleraine in a game which ended, alas, in ugly scenes.

Coleraine had battled back into the game after being behind to snatch a semi-final spot with a last-second winner. But when the final whistle went several players continued their battle and were joined by spectators . . . who in turn were joined by police and soldiers until order was restored.

Crusaders and Ards, after a 1-1 draw, had to meet again and Derry City put paid to any hopes "B" Division club Queen's University had of doing a Hereford United.

Though from this game came a suggestion, which I have been proposing for years, from Queen's coach Brian Halliday. He wants to see the Cup programme extended to include all the little 'uns, from earlier in the season.

As it is the Cup doesn't really give little clubs from the back of beyond their moments of glory. It would certainly liven things up a bit if some of these sides managed to battle their way through to a meeting with a "B" Division or senior club.

It seems, looking back on these notes, that there are quite a few things for the authorities to ponder in the coming weeks. And talk, as they say in Ireland, is cheap!

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Strict orders to referees

THE referees' revolution has reached Hungary, and the whistlers have been given strict instructions to carry out their duties mercilessly. The F.A. went even further than their English counterparts, their five points' directive reads like a declaration of war.

1. If a player delays the taking of a free-kick by lacing his boots or organising a defensive wall, he should be cautioned.
2. If a player is not 9 metres (10 yards) away from the ball at a free-kick, he should be cautioned, and if this offence occurs more than once, the player should be sent off.
3. If a player kicks the ball away when it is placed for a free-kick or shows any kind of dissent, he should be immediately sent off.
4. The punishment for criticising the referee or linesman either by action or words, is instant dismissal.
5. If anyone from the crowd throws any object on the field, which is directed at a player or an official, the game must be abandoned. To emphasise their determination, the refs. introduced the 'two-cards' system—yellow for caution, red for an early shower.

Common sense

Harsh measures indeed, I hope the referees will temper them with a touch of commonsense. If you send off a player because he shrugged his shoulders or jumped forward a split second before a free-kick was taken, how do you penalise someone for a dirty foul or for other more serious offences?

In any case, judging by the latest events, Hungarian football is in dire need of administrative reforms, intensive training programmes and better discipline off the field. Referees behaving like demented magicians flashing out cards of different colours, won't solve the basic problems.

Obscure

Following the unhappy winter tour of the national squad, several club-sides travelled to Yugoslavia to prepare for the new season. The results of their practice matches were rather disappointing. Dozsa for instance lost all their three games—one against an obscure Second Division side. Football is largely a question of habit. It is all very well to say that the score-line of friendlies doesn't matter, but once a team gets used to the idea of losing, their mental approach to a competitive game suffers.

This is the only excuse I could think of while watching the live TV transmission of the Dozsa v. Celtic match. The capacity crowd gave the lilac-and-whites sufficient vocal support, but in the pouring rain, Bene and co. didn't enjoy their football. Apart from the industrious Jozsef Horvath and winger Fazekas, the others were sadly off-form.

Zambo didn't contribute to the game at all, A. Dunai lost his sharpness and appetite for goals, and Bene allowed himself to be swallowed-up by the Celtic defence. The score, with luck, might have been different, but one cannot deny that the Scottish champions deserved to win.

Twenty-four hours later, Ferencvaros lost by the same 2-1 score against Zeljeznicar—so at the time of writing, it seems certain that the Hungarian challenge for major international club trophies is over

for this season. Albert put Fradi ahead in the 12th minute, Bukal equalised a quarter-of-an-hour later, and Spreco got the winner for the Yugoslav visitors.

Two home defeats were a bitter start to the second half of a season which promised so much success last autumn. However, there is time for team manager Illovszky to re-charge the batteries of the national squad before the European Championship quarter-finals and the World Cup matches. For the friendly against W. Germany (Budapest, March 29), Illovszky called into the squad goalkeeper Bicskei from Honved and the Ferencvaros forward, Laszlo Branikovits. Reserve 'keeper Rothermel and the Dozsa pair, Nosko and Dunai, have been dropped.

The domestic season opened with a Cup-round in which the favourites triumphed, thus providing a strong quarter-final field, although Honved are out, beaten by Videoton 1-0, and earlier, Vasas faltered against a Third Division outfit, Pecsi Erebanyasz. Dozsa beat Haladas 2-1 (Ede Dunai, Fazekas-Farkas II), and the revitalised MTK registered a 5-0 win at Debrecen.

Unfortunately, the blue-and-whites couldn't salvage their Cup form for League combat, and dropped a vital point in their opening match at home v. Tatabanya—0-0! This much-loved, famous club needs a small miracle to keep its 'never been relegated' record as they lag five points behind third from bottom Diosgyor.

Ujpest opened with a good win against Raba at Gyor (3-1), and Ferencvaros squeezed home through a penalty taken by Novak at Eger (1-0). It is early days yet, but it seems certain that these two clubs will finish ahead of the rest, while Vasas, Salgotarjan and Honved will fight for third place, which is rewarded with a spot in the UEFA Cup.

Eight games

Vasas, once again fielding the perpetual 'enfants terribles' Meszoly and Farkas, are the only team which can boast of a satisfactory close-season tour. They played eight games in Central and South America, winning five, drawing three. Amongst their victims were the Cubillas-team, Alianza Lima (3-2) and the champions of Ecuador, Barcelona (2-1).

In order to improve attendance figures at League matches, several people advocate 'Western style' sales methods. They are in favour of a 'sensation' seeking Press, more flamboyant managerial utterances, and the introduction of a personality cult or 'star' system.

A Dozsa fan-club has already been formed, lilac-and-white scarves and rosettes are on sale. Only the toilet rolls are missing, otherwise it is just like Millwall on a rainy afternoon. . . . In my view, gimmicks don't sell football. The Hungarians must improve thier playing standard, offer sufficient incentives for every point gained, and revert to the popular 'double-headers', which used to draw 60-70,000 people to the Nep-stadium.

Above all, they must abolish the suicidal practice of televising 'live' League games every week! The fans would willingly return, but they must be given value for their money. Lethargic displays, overpaid and pampered players, card-waving referees won't achieve the target. The managers might be able to 'do' a Malcolm Allison or a Brian Clough, but frankly, what the hell have they got to shout about. . . ?

CSKA beat AEK

PREPARING for the re-start after the hard winter, the two leading Bulgarian title contenders CSKA and Levski took on foreign opposition. CSKA, the Army team went abroad for their preparation, beating Vardar Skoplje (in Yugoslavia) by 2—1 and winning very well indeed in Athens against Greek champions AEK by 3—0.

Meanwhile, in Sofia, Levski entertained Russian opposition in Moscow Spartak and were beaten 2—1. This indicates that CSKA, who led the race throughout the autumn, but lost to Levski near the close (significantly their only league defeat), have the better chance in the long run.

The competitive stuff began with the preliminaries for the FA Cup but in Bulgaria the Cup is hardly even a consolation and sought after only by the provincial clubs with no hopes of the championship. For CSKA and Levski it's the championship that counts.

When the second half of the league programme finally got under way both the leading contenders had to struggle but once more it was CSKA who came out with the edge.

Equalise

Away to Cernomore, CSKA were a goal down early, but recovered to equalise in the second half and for a long time it looked as if they would have to be content with a draw.

Then within seconds of the final whistle, former 'Golden Boot' Petar Jekov chipped in with a goal to give CSKA a 2—1 win.

Levski, meanwhile, had what looked an easy game against bottom of the table Akademik, their Sofia neighbours who looked booked for Division II. Now there will be doubts about Akademik's ability to make up the leeway for they humiliated Levski by winning 2—1.

Levski's autumn victory over CSKA closed the gap to only three points but this has been stretched again to five. Though there are still 16 games to go, CSKA's record—13 wins, 4 draws and the solitary defeat to Levski indicate a stability and consistency that is certainly lacking in Levski's play.

The latter might not even finish as runners up for they are now under considerable pressure from Beroe, only one point behind and with centre forward Petki Petkov getting goals regularly, the First Division's top scorer with 15 goals.

BRUGES LAPSE

LEADERS FC Bruges have shown signs of strain in the past month but the odds, despite their lapses and inability to excite the critics with their football, remain in their favour. Making hard work of a home game with Malines, Bruges struggled to win 1—0 and the following week in the Bruges derby they crashed by a goal to nil against the Cercle Sportif.

Ferdinand Govvaerts regarded as a boy wonder a few years back, home from stints with CF Barcelona and OGC Nice scored the vital goal for the club that found him first.

Formidable

Meanwhile, Standard-Liege, the reigning champions making a double bid for the title and success in the European Cup, re-found their scoring touch to beat VV St. Trond 3—0 and while Bruges were losing to their neighbours, Standard were sharing the spoils in the vital away game against the still formidable RSC Anderlechtoise.

Always one of the big games of the season, this was keenly fought with no score at the break. Van Himst put Anderlecht ahead but the Yugoslav Sylvestre Takac snatched one back for Standard from a free kick.

The next stage brought comfortable wins all round—Standard beating Beveren away 2—0; FC Bruges winning at home to Beerschot by the same score and Anderlecht kept contact with yet another 2—0 win over Union St. Gilloise. Now the stage was set for the battle of the giants . . . Standard v. FC Bruges.

A sell-out weeks before, many people forced their way in without tickets and the crowd spilled over onto the area round the pitch. Bruges complained to the referee but after some delay the game got under way and ended all square.

The closest thing to a goal came when Ludwig Cvetler, Standard's Czech international winger got through to beat everyone . . . and hit the post.

Important

Meanwhile, Anderlecht easily accounted for their neighbours Crossing by 5—0 and with seven games left FC Bruges will have only themselves to blame if they fail to take the title.

They lead Standard by three points, Anderlecht by five and more important goals don't count. If two teams tie on points it's the team with most wins that takes precedence and with 16 to their rivals 13 each, Bruges lead is really four points.

FC Bruges trainer-coach Leo Canjels with Raoul Lambert and Dutch International Wietse Veenstra.

TRA MIGU

HORROR has struck teams like Manchester United and Torino . . . disasters fell upon the crowds of Bolton Wanderers and Glasgow Rangers . . . but the pathetic fate of MIGUEL MARTINEZ Atletico Madrid's once promising wing-half, must be the most heart-rending player-tragedy in the long history of world football. It also stands high as one of the most incredible medical problems.

Miguel Martinez lies motionless on his back in the white, glistening Room 466 of the Clinica de la Concepcion, Madrid. *He's in a complete and utter coma . . . a dark mysterious world where he has been, alive yet dead, for nearly eight long, silent years.*

He is beyond the reach of the world's greatest specialists. Every known method of treatment and many minor surgical interventions have been tried to bring Miguel back to life. All have failed . . . yet he still lives. The men of medicine, and many have travelled from all parts of the globe to contribute their knowledge, are helpless. They now just wait . . . and hope for a miracle.

Professor Sixto Obrador, who is totally dedicated to the Martinez case says: "Only the Almighty Physician, who alone can perform miracles can bring this boy back from the dead".

The career of Martinez began in 1960 when at twenty-two he turned professional for the Catalan Club, Condal de Barcelona. The following year he joined San Fernando (Cadiz), moved to Betis in 1962-63 and then as the "most promising prospect of the year" signed to Atletico Madrid in June 10, 1964.

He was included in Atletico's South American tour party. Three days later on the morning of July 11 (1964) while training in Montevideo for the tour's show match against Peñarol, tragedy struck. While jumping during individual heading practice he became paralysed in mid-air and fell to the ground unconscious. He lapsed into a coma from which he has never once emerged.

After several days of observation and treatment by Uruguayan specialists, Dr. Deffiminis and Dr. Arana in Montevideo, Martinez was flown home, to the great modern Clinica de la Concepcion. He has laid there in a dark world of his own ever since.

The diagnosis—"obstruction of the cerebral artery"—which because of its closeness to the brain cannot, say the specialists, be relieved by major surgery.

Over the years brain and heart specialists from London, Rome, Paris, Geneva, Chicago, New York and Tokio,

Courageous characters

MANAGERS *are the most courageous characters in football . . . especially FOREIGN managers who serve in Spain.*

They are engaged always for the purpose of reviving an ailing team, arrive not knowing a single word of the language. They haven't a clue how to handle the sultry, strange, undisciplined character of the Spanish player . . . and generally start off on the wrong foot by making bold over-confident prophecies—even before they have seen their invariably uncoachable team in action.

Surprisingly FERENC SZUSZA, the famous Hungarian player and manager, made these very mistakes. He took on the impossible task of saving newly promoted Betis from relegation. He would have realised how hopeless was his task had he previously studied not only the weak components available, but his dictatorial President and Board.

Distinguished

This was undoubtedly the biggest mistake in the long and distinguished career of Ferenc Szusza.

Born in December 1923, Szusza signed "professional forms" for Ujpest Dosza when seventeen years of age . . . and stayed with the club as centre forward for his entire playing career which lasted twenty-one years.

He gained forty-eight caps with the international side during the Golden Era of Hungarian football . . . played in a record 463 league games for Ujpest Dosza and during his career scored 397 goals in official games. Regular as he was as a goalscorer he managed to become the League's leading scorer only once—simply because he lived in the same era as the magical Puskas.

Eliminated

His managerial career has been equally as distinguished . . . until his inevitable setback in Spain. (Few foreign managers succeed in Spain anyway, everything's against them). During the five seasons he managered Gyor, they won the Cup three times . . . Ujpest (two years) were narrowly eliminated by Valencia in the Fairs Cup . . . and while with Gornik (Poland) he guided them to three titles (two Cup and one league title), and forced Manchester City to a third game in the Cup Winners Cup quarter finals.

Of the recent ill-fated Hungarian tour he says: "The widespread criticisms were thoroughly justified . . . it should never have taken place . . . its organisation was farcically amateurish. The only sensible thing was to play the full-scale international with Spain at the beginning of the tour. The team, although perhaps tired from a hard season showed, in that match, the wisdom of most of Rudol Illovszky's selections."

Real Madrid —by public demand!

ELSEWHERE in this issue, Norman Cutler tells the story of the re-birth of Real Madrid as a powerful force in Europe. They could be on the way back to a position as one of the top clubs in Europe but although they have enjoyed little success outside Spain in recent years, the magical ring to their name lingers on.

Football followers throughout Europe—and particularly in England—have tremendous affection for the club that dominated the European Cup for so long. Who will ever forget their magnificent performance against Eintracht Frankfurt in the 1960 European Cup Final at Hampden Park?

At WORLD SOCCER, we receive more requests for pictures and articles about Real Madrid than any other club. So, by popular demand, here is a team photo of the new Real.

Back row, left to right: Garcia Remon, Tourino, Benito, Verdugo, Gresso (for Pirri), Zoco. Front: Aguilar, Amancio, Santillana, Velazquez, Anzarda.

Norman Cutler . . . Names make news by Norman Cutler . . .

GIC STORY OF
EL MARTINEZ

have examined the unconscious Martinez and co-operated with Dr. Obrador and his Madrid colleagues. Suggestions have been made and tried . . . even minor operations risked in the hope of retieving the pressure. All without success.

Heroine of the tragedy has been Josefa Martinez, the player's now twenty-eight-year-old wife, who only a month before the accident (she was then 22) gave birth to the couple's first son, Miguel. She was on the tarmac of Barajas Airport when the white draped figure of her husband was carefuly and slowly lifted from the Iberia airliner. And since then —nearly eight years ago—not a day has passed without her spending at least one hour by the side of her motionless husband's bedside. She has co-operated in every way . . . conventional and unconventional . . . in the hope of sparking some life into that dead yet living body. Her efforts have been as fruitless as those of the specialists.

The wife and son of Miguel Martinez will never be in want. Atletico Madrid first organised a benefit match (almost posthumous) for their stricken player . . . the gate and donations produced over £20,000. They also adopted the now eight-year-old Miguel. Radio Madrid devoted their "Good Cause" appeal programme—"Los Formidables" —to the Atletico player. But although practical kindness and sympathy from club and public have assured their future, nothing . . . medical skill, wealth, or money has yet been able to bring back "life" to Miguel Martinez, and husband and father to Josefa and her son.

During last summer Atletico Madrid launched a campaign to obtain 50,000 members. The target was reached and passed. In August before the kick-off of the Atletico Madrid-Benfica game, President Antonio Calderon, in a mid-field ceremony, presented in tribute the 50,000th membership card to the tragic player's young son.

It's a pathetic story . . . one a million miles from the glamour and triumphs, excitements and thrills of football. But one that should be told. It is not a story of a man without a name . . . but of a name without a man.

Advertising Feature

FOOD IS VERY IMPORTANT

THERE is no doubt that our food is one of the most important things in life. Like breathing and sleeping, it is something we cannot do without and, in effect, we are what we eat.

We need food from the moment we are born until the day we die, yet it is surprising how many people pay little regard to what they eat. They will take extreme care over choosing a new suit, a camera or a car, but often little or no thought is given to the very thing that keeps them alive. The choice of the right food can make all the difference between average health and the very much rarer robust, abounding health, and for the physical culturist and the body-builder diet is just as important as training.

Calories

Food affects the nutrition of the largest muscle and the thinnest fibre. It affects the quality of blood and the health of the skin. In fact, every body process is ultimately dependent on food for its efficient functioning.

Sound nutrition demands a balanced diet, in which all the essential nutrients are present in adequate quantities.

First, consider **calories**. A calorie is a unit of energy and an average man needs about 1,800 daily just to keep the basic functions of life ticking over—the heart-beat, the lung expansion and recoil, the digestive processes and so on. In addition he needs extra calories for walking about, working and other physical activities, and the more strenuous his work or activities, the more calories he needs.

Protein

The most important aspect of eating is: take in enough of the right foods.

We need **protein** for rebuilding body cells which are constantly being destroyed, and the body-builder, with his more-than-average amount of exercise, needs protein much more than the man who rarely exercises.

We need **fat**, as a reserve source of energy and for warmth; **carbohydrate** for energy; **mineral salts** to regulate body processes; **vitamins** to ensure the efficient absorption of food and for protective functions; and, of course, **water**.

Protein is derived from flesh foods: meat, game and poultry; also from eggs, cheese, butter and milk. Generally, flesh foods are richer than vegetable protein.

During heavy exercise the need for protein is increased. The size of a man, too, determines his need for protein. The larger he is, the more he needs.

Assimilation

Carbohydrate is the principal energy food and includes starches and sugars—such things as oat-meal, syrup, bread, potatoes and dates—and provides about the same number of calories to the ounce as protein.

Fat is contained in such foods as butter, eggs, cheese, nuts, meat and fish. Maximum assimilation of fat does not occur for about six hours, so it is not an ideal nutrient for quick energy—despite its high caloric content.

by
GEORGE KIRKLEY

Vitamins have a marked influence on health, and while most of us get enough to remain free from the worst effects of vitamin deficiencies, most adults do not get enough. There are far too many people who lack the energy, vitality and positive health that only vitamin saturation promotes.

Weight control

Regarding weight control, if you eat more food than is required for energy purposes, the surplus is stored as fat and remains as such until it is removed by either increased exercising or by dieting. If not enough food is taken for energy purposes, then body flesh is consumed to provide energy and the bodyweight is reduced. If your food intake is balanced with your energy output, then your bodyweight is kept steady.

Losing weight by means of exercise is not too easy and some form of dieting is essential. The first step is to reduce your total calorie intake by cutting down on some of the carbohydrate foods such as chocolate, sweets, pastry and shop cakes. In any case, these are more or less luxury foods. After a few weeks some effect should be noticed. But if this is negligible, cut down on bread and butter, omit sugar from your tea and don't eat any fried food. This should ensure some noticeable reduction of body-weight.

For weight gaining, eat as much as possible, especially eggs, cheese, butter, poultry, meat and sugar. But bear in mind the need for a balanced diet. Rest after each meal, get plenty of sleep and relaxation whenever possible, preferably lying down. Drink plenty of milk, together with glucose drinks, which are very helpful.

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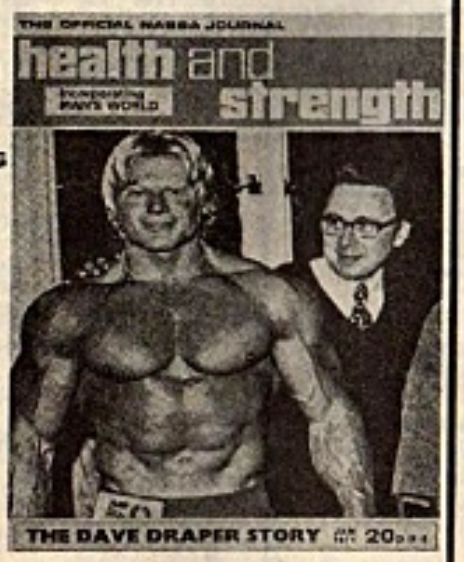

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Transfer system—something wrong?

he said that "The price seemed too big a one to pay, especially for a team four points out in front," and "Manchester City must be good for Rodney Marsh, but it remains to be seen whether Marsh is good for City." But then, one suspects, Mr. Mercer had very little to do with the signing of Marsh for £200,000, a move pushed through by Malcolm Allison, who saw in Marsh a player of marvellous talent that could be blended into the City machine. It is a sad but accurate reflection of the changing balance of power at City that Mercer's name has, at last, been removed from the symbolic plate-glass on the door of the manager's office.

Acceptable

If the transfer deadline does bring a rush of blood to the head of several managers, the answer surely is to abolish it altogether. I cannot see how a club seeking the top or avoiding the bottom can hope to improve their chances substantially by some signing in the last month of the season, or indeed if there is anything more morally reprehensible in this in April when it was generally acceptable in May. The truth is that mid-March is

● *Continued from page 34*

a generally convenient date that keeps its undertones of sportsmanship, but is in fact primarily related to the impending end of the financial year, when clubs face large demands for profits tax unless they unload their money. In effect, any transfer completed at this time has a real cost of approximately two-thirds the sum paid—which means that Marsh and Moore were a bargain at £130,000 apiece.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer may well plug this loophole that allows clubs to avoid tax by some splash on the transfer market, yet penalises them should they devote the money to ground improvements instead. Indeed he might find it both profitable and aesthetically rewarding to reverse the situation, taxing transfers instead of toilets.

Theatrical

If there are disagreeable aspects of the present transfer turmoil, they are to be found in the expanding loan system and in the theatrical nonsense that surrounds the largest deals. Cardiff City were undoubtedly right to complain bitterly when Fulham acquired Spurs captain Alan Mullery for a month, and possibly longer, at no cost beyond his wages, at a time when they were in hot competition with Cardiff for one of the relegation positions. The loan system is being abused, and regulations governing it should be tightened up before next season.

Appearance

Then, of course, we had the astonishing affair of the Ian Moore transfer, which began with him signing a Derby contract, and ended with him scoring a goal on his first appearance in the colours of Manchester United. It is hard to see how Nottingham Forest, however anxious they might be to take the negotiations out of the hands of their luckless manager Matt Gillies, could allow Moore to be left to the tender mercies of Derby's Brian Clough, who could talk his way into the Bank of England if he had to. But in the end the sabre-rattling Mr. Clough had to take second place to the quiet dignity of Mr. O'Farrell—although early on the Saturday Moore turned out for United, BBC Football Correspondent Bryon Butler said he half-expected "Brian Clough to pull a lever just before the kick-off and Ian Moore to pop up in the centre circle."

Deprived

The Iran national side was deprived of two of its best players last month, when Parviz Ghelichkhani and Mehdi Layussani were arrested for alleged Communist activities. Both play for the leading Teheran club, Paass, who have been making so far unavailing efforts to secure their release.

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Next month

Special European Championship preview with features on all the eight quarter finalists

Back row left to right: Zwunka, Kula, Camus, Hodoul, Lopez, Novi.
Front: Magnusson, Bonnel, Gress, Skoblar, Couecou.

OLYMPIQUE DE MARSEILLE

AFRICA

First preliminary round

Group 1
Senegal v. Morocco
Morocco v. Senegal

Group 2
Algeria v. Guinea
Guinea v. Algeria

Group 3
16/18.9.72 AR Egypt v. Tunisia
25. 9.72 Tunisia v. AR Egypt

Group 4
Ivory Coast v. Sierra Leone
Sierra Leone v. Ivory Coast

Group 5
15.10.72 Kenya v. Sudan
22.10.72 Sudan v. Kenya

Group 6
Madagascar v. Mauritius
Mauritius v. Madagascar

Group 7
Ethiopia v. Tanzania
Tanzania v. Ethiopia

Group 8
30. 4.72 Lesotho v. Zambia
4. 6.72 Zambia v. Lesotho

Group 9
Congo Brazza. v. Nigeria
Nigeria v. Congo Brazza.

Group 10
Dahomey v. Ghana
Ghana v. Dahomey

Group 11
Zaire v. Togo
Togo v. Zaire

Group 12
Cameroons v. Gabon
Gabon v. Cameroons

CONCACAF

First preliminary round

Group 1
USA v. Canada
Canada v. USA
USA v. Mexico
Mexico v. USA
Canada v. Mexico
Mexico v. Canada

Group 2
16. 7.72 Guatemala v. El Salvador
23. 7.72 El Salvador v. Guatemala

Group 3
3.12.72 Honduras v. Costa Rica
10.12.72 Costa Rica v. Honduras

Group 4
11. 6.72 Jamaica v. Neth. Antilles
Neth. Antilles v. Jamaica

Group 5
15. 4.72 Haiti v. Puerto Rico
26. 9.72 Puerto v. Haiti

Group 6
Surinam v. Trinidad
Trinidad v. Surinam
Surinam v. Antigua
Antigua v. Surinam
Trinidad v. Antigua
Antigua v. Trinidad

EUROPE

Group 1
14.11.71 Malta 0, Hungary 2
30. 4.72 Austria v. Malta
6. 5.72 Hungary v. Malta
25. 5.72 Sweden v. Hungary
10. 6.72 Austria v. Sweden
15.10.72 Sweden v. Malta
15.10.72 Austria v. Hungary
26.11.72 Malta v. Austria
29. 4.73 Hungary v. Austria
24. 5.73 Sweden v. Austria
13. 6.73 Hungary v. Sweden
11.11.73 Malta v. Sweden

Group 2
8.10.72 Luxembourg v. Italy
21/22.10.72 Switzerland v. Italy
22.10.72 Luxembourg v. Turkey
Turkey v. Luxembourg
10. 3.73 Italy v. Turkey
31. 3.73 Italy v. Luxembourg
15. 4.73 Luxembourg v. Switzerland
9. 5.73 Switzerland v. Turkey
26. 9.73 Switzerland v. Luxembourg
20.10.73 Italy v. Switzerland
18.11.73 Turkey v. Switzerland
22.12.73 Turkey v. Italy

Group 3
18. 5.72 Belgium v. Iceland
22. 5.72 Iceland v. Belgium (In Belgium)
2. 8.72 Norway v. Iceland
7. 8.72 Iceland v. Norway
4.10.72 Norway v. Belgium
11.11.72 Netherlands v. Norway
19.11.72 Belgium v. Netherlands
22. 8.73 Netherlands v. Iceland
29. 8.73 Iceland v. Netherlands (In Netherlands)
12. 9.73 Norway v. Netherlands
31.10.73 Belgium v. Norway
18.11.73 Netherlands v. Belgium

Group 4
21. 6.72 Finland v. Albania
20. 9.72 Finland v. Rumania
7.10.72 East Germany v. Finland
14/15.10.72 East Germany v. Albania
29.10.72 Rumania v. Albania
6. 5.73 Albania v. Rumania
27. 5.73 Rumania v. East Germany
6. 6.73 Finland v. East Germany
12. 9.73 Albania v. East Germany
26. 9.73 East Germany v. Rumania
10.10.73 Albania v. Finland
14.10.73 Rumania v. Finland

Group 5
17.10.73 England v. Poland
6. 6.73 Poland v. England
24. 1.73 England v. Wales
15.11.72 Wales v. England
Poland v. Wales
Wales v. Poland

Group 6
Northern Ireland v. Cyprus
29. 3.72 Portugal v. Cyprus
10. 5.72 Cyprus v. Portugal
18.10.72 Bulgaria v. Northern Ireland
19.11.72 Cyprus v. Bulgaria
14. 2.73 Cyprus v. Northern Ireland
28. 3.73 Northern Ireland v. Portugal
2. 5.73 Bulgaria v. Portugal
26. 9.73 Northern Ireland v. Bulgaria
13.10.73 Portugal v. Bulgaria
14.11.73 Portugal v. Northern Ireland
18.11.73 Bulgaria v. Cyprus

Group 7
19.10.72 Spain v. Yugoslavia
19.11.72 Yugoslavia v. Greece
17. 1.73 Greece v. Spain
21. 2.73 Spain v. Greece
21.10.73 Yugoslavia v. Spain
19.12.73 Greece v. Yugoslavia

Group 8
18.10.72 Denmark v. Scotland
15.11.72 Scotland v. Denmark
2. 5.73 Denmark v. Czechoslovakia
6. 6.73 Czechoslovakia v. Denmark
26. 9.73 Scotland v. Czechslovakia
17.10.73 Czechoslovakia v. Scotland

Group 9
2. 9.72 France v. Eire
14.10.72 USSR v. France
24. 4.73 France v. USSR
16. 5.73 Eire v. France
USSR v. Eire
Eire v. USSR

SOUTH AMERICA

Group 1
Uruguay v. Colombia
Colombia v. Uruguay
Uruguay v. Ecuador
Ecuador v. Uruguay
Colombia v. Ecuador
Ecuador v. Colombia

Group 2
Argentina v. Paraguay
Paraguay v. Argentina
Argentina v. Bolivia
Bolivia v. Argentina
Paraguay v. Bolivia
Bolivia v. Paraguay

Group 3
Peru v. Chile
Chile v. Peru
Peru v. Venezuela
Venezuela v. Peru
Chile v. Venezuela
Venezuela v. Chile

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WEST GERMANY Left to right: Vogts, Koppel, Patzke, Grabowski, Wimmer, Mueller, Weber, Heynckes, Netzer, Maier and Beckenbauer